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WEEK ENDING NOV. 14 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue

I HAVE BEEN TO HOLLYWOOD

By

FANNIE HURST

I almost stepped on him

Here Comes This Letter After 31 Years

Written With a Parker Pen In Use All That Time

—and used by hundreds of hands

HIS LETTER
Written With a Parker Pen After 31 Years' Use

Mays Lick, Ky., July 25, 1925

Parker Pen Co.,
Janesville, Wis.
Dear Sirs:

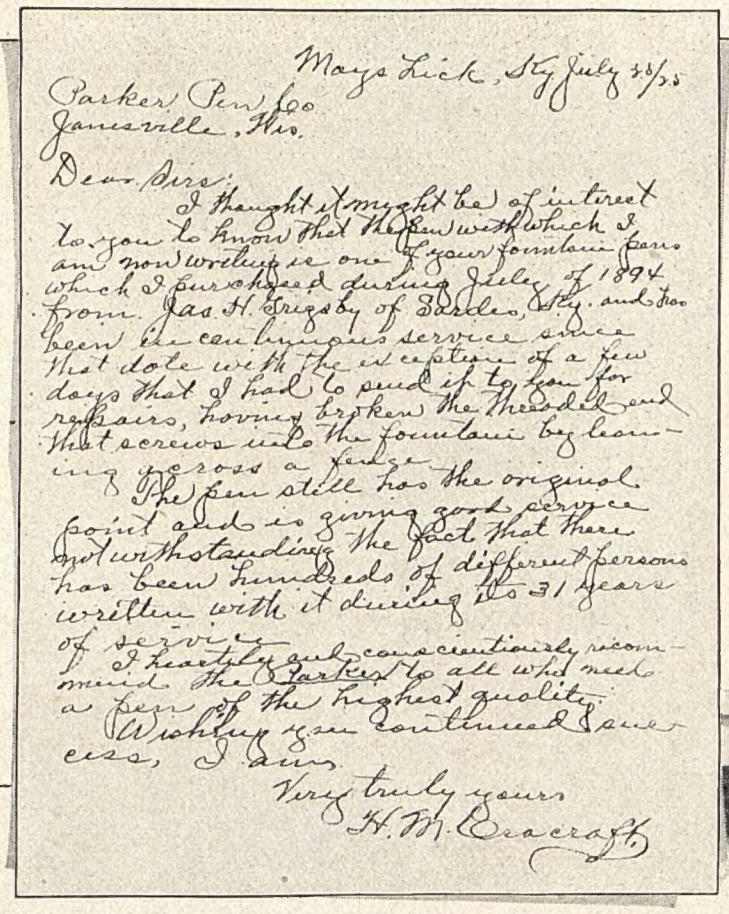
I thought it might be of interest to you to know that the pen with which I am now writing is one of your fountain pens which I purchased during July of 1894 from Jas. H. Grigsby of Sardis, Ky., and has been in continuous service since that date with the exception of a few days that I had to send it to you for repairs, having broken the threaded end that screws into the fountain by leaning across a fence.

The pen still has the original point and is giving good service notwithstanding the fact that there has been hundreds of different persons written with it during its 31 years of service.

I heartily and conscientiously recommend the Parker to all who need a pen of the highest quality.

Wishing you continued success, I am

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. M. CRACROFT.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Wishing you continued success, I am
Very truly yours
H. M. Cracroft

1894 Model

1925 Model

You can't Put a Price on Pens That Give Such Value

AUTOMOBILES and Parker Duofold Pens had not yet been given to the world when one July day in 1894, H. M. Cracroft passed four dollars over the counter for a Parker Pen.

"Hard Times" had a strangle-hold on the nation, corn was selling down to 30c a bushel, and four dollars was about as flossy a price as a man paid for a week's board at the old Commercial House.

Yet that same Parker Pen, which Mr. Cracroft bought, still writes his letters; and, he says, "still has its original point and is giving good service."

There are a host of these Parker patriarchs still on the job yet, after 20 and 30 years, and longer.

They are the staunch forefathers of a hardy race of pens—they speak with quiet eloquence of Geo. S. Parker's skill and sincerity in making his products the worthy Custodians of his business honor. And isn't it safe to suppose that if Geo. S. Parker's pens of the 80's and 90's are still "giving good service," that his superpen, the Parker Duofold, will outlast whoever buys it?

Parker Duofold, you see, embodies improvements unknown when Mr. Cracroft's pen was made. The 25-year Point—the Hand-size Grip—the Over-size Ink-capacity—the Invisible Filler—the free-swinging Balance—and the black-tipped lacquer-red barrel, handsome to own, hard to mislay.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without it. Get Parker Duofold today—for you gain nothing by waiting, but you lose the use of the pen that gives one's hand the speed and the character that win with the world.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

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Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

A veteran of the World War *renders First Aid in times of peace*

MEN who saw service overseas do not need to be told of the Great Antiseptic which was born in the agony of the battlefield and which moved like a veritable Good Angel through the hospitals of the Allied Armies.

Hundreds of thousands of desperately wounded men owe their lives to this antiseptic. Before its discovery the toll of deaths from infection amounted to 70%; after its discovery they were reduced to 1%.

Like wildfire throughout the hospitals of the civilized world spread the news of a great antiseptic-germicide, comparable in strength with poisonous compounds like carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury, yet itself absolutely non-poisonous and harmless to human tissue.

But though the hospitals embraced it, the homes of the country knew it not, for the antiseptic of the war zone required to be made afresh each day to avoid the loss of its wonderful strength. *Until now*. For at last this Great Antiseptic *has* been stabilized and bottled for family use under the name of Zonite.

It is ready for use anywhere at a moment's notice.

In case of cuts, wounds, burns and scratches, use Zonite to prevent infection. In case of blisters or skin-chafings, use Zonite. For prevention of throat, mouth and gum infection, use Zonite. For feminine hygiene, use Zonite—perfectly safe and harmless to delicate tissues.

Zonite is the modern First Aid. Compared with the "mild" antiseptics—peroxide of hydrogen, for instance—Zonite is *more than forty times as powerful*. Zonite is even far stronger than any dilution of *carbolic acid* that can be safely applied to the human body.

No skull-and-crossbones on the Zonite bottle; no accidental poisoning. Zonite is safe in the First Aid kit, safe in the medicine chest, and safe in the hands of a child. Most important of all, Zonite actually stamps out infection, actually kills germs. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Zonite

In bottles, 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

How Zonite is collaborating in Liberty's National Hero Movement

Being in complete sympathy with the forward-looking plan of Liberty to reward heroism in civil life, Zonite is offering One Thousand Dollars in the following manner.

Of the twelve national heroes first featured in the Liberty series, the one chosen by Liberty's readers as the "hero of heroes" will receive from the Zonite Products Company One Thousand Dollars in gold.

A later announcement will appear in Liberty outlining the method of voting for the popular choice among the national heroes in the Liberty series.

Help your favorite hero get the extra $1000.00

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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
- ☐ Nursery and the Baby
- ☐ Feminine Hygiene (V-61)

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE PROHIBITION BREAKDOWN

Richard Washburn Child, author and former United States Ambassador to Italy, recently contributed a series of articles to our neighbor, the *Saturday Evening Post,* on "The Great American Scandal." By that he means crime and the ineffectiveness of our dealing with it, the most serious aspect being in the increase of criminal violence, particularly murder.

The author stated that the average man and woman were wrong in assuming police corruption or inefficiency to be the chief weakness in the crime situation. The average man and woman can draw conclusions, but Mr. Child in the *Post* keeps away from a plain statement of them. Liberty can state the case which in the *Post* is intimated. The attempt to enforce the sumptuary law of prohibition has weakened the defense against crime and has increased the number and the audacity of the criminals.

Liberty can print the explanation Mr. Child heads toward but does not reach because Liberty has its circulation mainly in the cities and towns and not in the rural communities. The cities and towns know what is the weakness of American law enforcement in these days and they are not trying to keep from seeing it.

"We had supposed," Mr. Child says, "that we not only could enforce those normal laws that govern the safety of life and property but, proudly beating the drums of reform, we had marched on toward enforcing other laws not concerning the infringement of others' rights but designed to provide standards of personal conduct. And now we discover that we cannot even make a respectable showing at enforcing normal laws—the laws which are a normal function of government rather than what may be called our goose-stepping legislation."

Thus the responsibilities of the police, as Mr. Child reminds us, have been enormously multiplied, as he puts it, rather gingerly, by the attempt to enforce the "newer regulations." "It so happens that laws prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages are now the most prominent examples, but," says Mr. Child, "I do not refer to them specifically, but to all the laws, dead or alive, which are less concerned with protecting the life, property, liberty, and peace of society from infringement by criminals and more concerned with attempting to create individual character, virtue, conduct, and self-restraint by writing laws on the statute books."

While Mr. Child in the S. E. P. disclaims specific reference to prohibition, that is the newer law which has done the damage. It has done the overshadowing. It is the Volstead law which Mr. Child means when he remarks that "no one can examine the police systems of the United States today without knowing that the attempt to enforce them [the newer regulations] has seriously diminished our effective policing against crime and the fundamental kinds of lawlessness."

Unquestionably prohibitory laws have had some beneficial economic and social results. Undoubtedly many conscientious folk hold that the imposition of teetotalism is a proper function of government. But whatever our theories may be, the notorious fact is that the prohibitory experiment is producing consequences gravely demoralizing to our government, to the orderly processes of a civilized society, and to our essential protection of life, limb, and property.

In our opinion a mistake was made in placing teetotalism in our constitution in mandatory form, where it is almost irremovable, no matter what its enforcement or lack of enforcement may prove to be. Not only has government undertaken a new function of personal discipline but it is attempting to exercise it in new and arbitrary ways. We contend that this necessarily involves widespread conscientious resistance, deliberate evasion, disrespect for law, the corruption of law enforcement, and the grave weakening of our protection from rampant criminal violence.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Colonel Mitchell Explains His Plan

COLONEL MITCHELL

A STORM of controversy has been aroused by *Col. William Mitchell's* bold criticism of the administration of America's air forces. In next week's issue the fighting Colonel sets forth his cure for the ills he charges. He writes in this vein exclusively for Liberty, and his article is the first of a series in which he will reveal his whole plan, down to the last detail.

Six in a Row—a two-part racing story by that well-known inventor of racing yarns, *George Weston*—begins in the coming issue. It teems with romance, has rapid-fire action and plenty of thrills, and bobs up with an unexpected twist at the end which is guaranteed to surprise the most shockproof readers.

Samuel Hopkins Adams also contributes a first-class story—a tale called *Smithy,* about a young man with an airplane, a past, and a girl.

Brenda Ueland discusses what may happen to marital happiness *When a Woman Pays the Way,* and there's a new installment of *Tracy Richardson's* stirring narrative, *A Soldier of Fortune's Story.*

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I Have Been *to* Hollywood

Vainglorious Strutting and Half-Baked Make-Believe, Dreams and a Gorgeous Promise—An Impression of America's Picture City

HOLLYWOOD! To the movie-goer the very name spells wonder and awe—the city where most of the marvelous productions of the screen are born. A city that out-Aladdins anything Aladdin ever dreamed. A city of extremes. A city of bizarre magic that sprang up overnight to send its celluloid wares to every town and hamlet in the world.

Miss Hurst visited Hollywood to view the filming of the novel with which she won the fifty-thousand-dollar prize offered jointly by Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for the best serial and scenario. She presents herewith her impressions of the film city, its people, its manners, and its mode of living.

By FANNIE HURST

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

EYE of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog!

I have been to Hollywood!

An express subway train with me in it has just come to a full, a breath-taking stop.

I have just climbed down off a carrousel where I have been spinning these many weeks on a purple centaur with green glass eyes.

I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a high gale and a thirty-foot yawl and have just landed.

I have been on the razzle-dazzle and cannot undazzle.

Combine all these sensations, sprinkle with movie-star dust, turn on Kleig lights and then jump on the cow that jumps over the moon and you have some idea how it feels to be a layman just returned from a journey into the interior of Hollywood.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Verily, I have been to Hollywood, and it is as fearfully as it is wonderfully made.

It hath not precedent and, since it cannot be compared to anything in the way of previous similar performances, must be compared to a little of everything.

It comes dangerously near to being something new under the sun. Like grapefruit and relativity and radium.

Yes, "eye of newt and toe of frog," I have been to Hollywood.

I have tasted of avocado; learned to prefer my figs fresh; agreed with four thousand, six hundred and seventy-one boosters from Iowa that Spanish architecture "lends" itself to southern California; gazed upon the superb spectacle of the Hollywood Bowl by moonlight and Moonlight Sonata, and sent the folks back home picture postcard views of Ben Grauman's million-dollar moving picture Egyptian Theater and the two-hundred-and-forty-eight-thousand-six-hundred-and-seventy-six-dollars-and-twenty-three-cent Beverly Hills home of Miss Tottie Cough Drop, movie queen.

I have learned that in Hollywood the length of Nita Naldi's fingernails, the birthday of Baby Peggy's poodle dog, and the tattooed knee of aforementioned Tottie Cough Drop are first-page items.

I HAVE dined with "Doug and Mary," young Olympians, in their home on the top of the world. I have walked with Lillian Gish, who is herself moonlight, in moonlight. I have stood in a ballroom with the matchless Pola and beheld the gilded, the shellacked, the No. 2 grease-painted, the manicured, the pedicured, the celluloid youth of this Athens-on-the-Santa Fe vie for the privilege of hanging their patent leather scalps about her fair and Polish waist.

I have beheld Valentino at close enough range to set the composite flapper spine of America to ringing like a bell. I have dined at Hollywood's Montmartre beside Adolphe Menjou straight "off the set" and still in the make-up and silk dressing gown demanded by his role. I have sat between Ramon Novarro and Rod La Rocque at luncheon and enjoyed the ecstatic and vicarious indigestion of all their fans.

I have chatted with Gloria Swanson in her drawing-room, swapped cook-book recipes with Theda Bara in her garden, banqueted at the home of Bebe Daniels, listened to Montague Glass play Chopin in the drawing-room of William de Mille, spent tea time with Nazimova in the heart of a house in the heart of a garden that should cause fourteen Chinese emperors to turn in their graves, of envy.

I have sucked artichoke leaves across the same table from Montagu Love; gone in to dinner with Ernest Torrence; sat on the edge of the green tile and Carrara marble swimming pool of the Charles Rays, and talked "climate" and Akeley cameras to the Bert Lytells and the Lionel Barrymores over the head of a lotus flower in full white bloom.

I have seen geraniums climb trees. Sunshine for seventy-five consecutive days. Percy Marmont dive off the rail of a moving ocean liner. Tom Mix. Flaming eucalyptus. Dry irrigation. Walnut groves. Forest fires. Motion-picture-money mansions in more architures than there are human languages, including Lettish and Hochlich.

And in the language of the "big open spaces" I want to say to you that, compared to that spectacle of the cinema world out there on the edge of the desert, the glory that was Rome's must cause Cecil de Mille to laugh up his fine linen sleeve and the Byzantine splendor of biblical empires cause the scene builders for the most casual Keystone comedy to snigger.

How Charles Ray, when he steps into his black Pompeian bath, must smile at handsome Lorenzo de Medici, who once boasted a bath carved out of natural pink granite. And behold Gloria Swanson in her white and silver Rolls-Royce,. putting it all over Cleopatra, who plied the Nile in a flatboat rigged up in bunting.

When the Holy Roman Empire fell, it must have been as the crash of a tray in a Childs restaurant compared to what is sure to be the thundering roar of the crash of Hollywood declining and falling.

And as the histories of empires go, decline and fall it must and to the fiddling of who knows what Nero. Cecil de Mille, perhaps, on a ninety-nine-thousand-dollar Stradivarius.

And what a spectacle! The pink mud Spanish villas which "lend" themselves, tumbling down off the clayey hillsides. Hollywood streets that resemble the morning's work of the Plaza Hotel pastry cooks, girderlessly collapsing and flowing down street in a soft pink lava. Row after row of charlotte russe bungalow courts floating down the pink stream with their green mansard roofs leaking like crocodile tears down into the ruin.

Italian pergolas set in Spanish patios. Egyptian mansions with Queen Anne roofs. Pale green garages. Colonial homes furnished in Chinese Chippendale. Tudor houses with red, white and green shingle roofs. Byzantine drawing-rooms furnished in early American. Homes designed in the mausoleum mood of the Greek temple, homes inspired by a Bacardi headache, a three-tier wedding cake, and a sudden and six-figure bank account.

The architectural spree of Hollywood! It is as if Cass Gilbert, Pericles, Stanford White, Gaugin, Justinian, Tex Rickard, Michelangelo, King Solomon, Ruth St. Denis, Hadrian the Great, Flo Ziegfeld, Poiret, Diamond Jim Brady, Elsie de Wolfe, Max Reinhardt, Mrs. Malaprop, Oscar of the Waldorf, William Morris, Queen Anne, Lucullus, A. H. Woods, Elinor Glyn, Sears-Roebuck, and Leon

ATHENS was no more intent upon her classical mission than Hollywood upon its jazzical. Hollywood in its emotional, unintellectual, half-hysterical fashion knows that it is the cradle of a great new art.

Bakst, and Trotzky had thrown each an idea into a common cauldron and let it come to a slow boil known as Hollywood.

Never in the history of the world, within equal limits of time or space, has architecture met in such a congress. A troubled congress. Nothing original, nothing essentially the outgrowth of the superb panorama of Californian background. Imitation. An architectural potpourri. Cucumbers and chocolate creams. Strawberry ice cream and sardelles. Early American pillars supporting a Corinthian frieze. An adobe mansion fashioned after the way the Pueblos did it set in the sunken midst of an Italian garden. And Spanish! Spanish architecture "lends" itself so well to the flow of hill and horizon. Spanish architecture *has* lent itself—body and soul. The Spanish patios of Los Angeles, if placed end on end, would flagstone the Painted, the Arabian, and the Australian deserts.

A potpourri civilization that has sprung full-grown out of the bulging brow of an art-industry.

No time for traditions. No time for architecture. No time to get ready. A prodigy has been born! A curious creature with two souls. One art. One industry. Both in eternal conflict.

Never in the history of the world has a community been so dominated by an industry. And that an *art*-industry. A curious two-headed monster art-industry, one continually yapping at the other.

Bethlehem and her steel, Sheffield and her factories, Sparta and her militia. As nothing. Hollywood *is* pictures.

Its homes are furnished in "sets" bought up after the completion of a picture.

Its sight-seeing busses are entirely devoted to shouting out the rococo Spanish-Italian manses and mansions of the movie rich.

The first and editorial pages of its daily press are dominated by motion picture news. Sky-scraping office buildings shoot up on motion picture capital. Motion picture limousines, the fifteen-thousand-dollar-without-accessories kind, clog up traffic.

Excuse my STAR dust, says Hollywood.

Tom Mix walks down Seventh Street and brokers drop their ticker tapes and run to windows.

Norma Shearer changes the style of her coiffure and the beauty parlors are crammed with ladies from Iowa who want their ears exposed, too.

Mary Pickford heads a Greater Motion Picture Parade and stops traffic for two hours.

Nothing short of a world war—if that—could crowd the Valentino divorce off a Hollywood front page.

Cecil de Mille, with three thousand "extras," two miles of chariots, four hundred pounds of butter, forty-eight freight cars of costumes, twenty-five tubs of theatrical cold cream, thirty-five cooks, twenty-nine sleeping coaches, two freight cars of Egyptian bracelets and shields, three hundred Arabian horses, a leopard, a lemur, and an adder, ten pounds of sweet butter for a dyspeptic star, six hundred and fifty pairs of gilt sandals, twenty-one hundred spears, four hundred loin cloths, a canvas Red Sea and a papier-mache Egyptian temple, starts across the desert to do a "spectacle" picture, and Hollywood, accustomed as she is to public manifestations, stands thrilled. And well she may.

The man at the head of an expedition such as this is a Napoleon in his way.

HERE is a pilgrimage dedicated to millions. Here is a pilgrimage designed to bring happiness, beauty, entertainment, and enlightenment to the universe.

About eight times out of ten, at this stage of the art-industry, those intentions fly wide of their mark. But, nevertheless, that papier-mache temple will flash with magnificent authenticity across the motion picture screens of Tokio, Painted Post, Marseilles, Ravenna, Calcutta, Nome, and Blue City.

Why, Athens, dedicating herself, her youth, her temples, her days, her nights to art, was like a young ladies' Delsarte school compared to this.

Hollywood is, thinks, breathes, dreams, lives, eats, smokes, walks, talks—pictures.

Mothers paint their six-year-old little girls' lips in the image of Gloria's and keep them home from reading and writing and arithmetic to study pantomime.

Tow-haired children in artificial marcel waves or Jackie Coogan bobs sit through long hours in outer offices with fond mammas who have lugged their offerings from as far as Bangor, Maine, and as wide as Montreal, Canada, to offer them up at the motion picture shrine.

Young imitation Valentinos walk the streets with the moss of eight unshaven days along their jowls in the name of a casting director's hint that Negri's next picture will demand a handsome, bearded "lead."

Laundresses go to their day's work with their eyebrows vaselined and arching, but clipped to the shape of Bebe's.

School children in Mary Pickford curls and Lord Fauntleroy suits spend their recesses dancing the "Charleston."

There is the Baby Peggy pencil box. The Jackie Coogan sailor suit. The Betty Bronson poke bonnet.

Old men in white beards sit on curbstones all day in the hope of being discovered by a casting director intent on producing a film by some such name as the Return of the Patriarch.

Tootsies with dimpled knees do likewise—except with the hope that Mack Sennett may come riding past.

The conversation of Hollywood is *Pictures*.

The literature the fan magazine.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

Athens, in her glorious Attic days, was no more intent upon her classical mission than Hollywood upon its jazzical.

Pictures. Pictures. Pictures. And dreams! Yes, strangely enough in this maelstrom of the pseudo, the half-baked, the make-believe, the hokum, the pokum are the dreams.

Hollywood in its emotional, unintellectual, half-hysterical fashion knows that it is the cradle of a great new art.

Realizes that in its charlotte russe of a lap something precious is floundering for its life. A poor enough little thing, this new muse, struggling to acquire some kind of a maturity. A little naughty, a little out of focus, a little too highly geared, like any prodigy child. A precocious youngster scarcely old enough to be out of adolescence, but with the painted, sophisticated face of a show girl with a custard pie planted over one lovely eye. Dimpled legs and a gauche way of showing them. Beauty of sorts. Of all sorts. A brain somewhere behind the ego, the custard pie, and the jiggling of curls. Dreams of sorts, too. All sorts.

Somewhere behind its troubled pie-in-the-eye, vainglorious, strutting, sham, adolescent-face Hollywood is conscious of its tawdriness, its nouveau richness, its hokum-pokum, and its fourth-rateness.

And that means there is no defeating Hollywood.

Hollywood is going to dig the custard pie out of its eye.

Hollywood is going to learn that a split infinitive is not something that is done by an acrobat in a Keith vaudeville house.

Hollywood is going to learn to Fletcherize a sturdier intellectual fodder than the fan magazines.

Hollywood is going to stop buying libraries by the yard and color of the bindings.

Hollywood is going to stop wearing its heart, its bank roll, and its emotions on its sleeves.

Hollywood is going to learn to despise hokum enough to pull itself out of the present motion picture morass by the boot straps.

Hollywood is going to learn that there is a world outside itself. That its stars and its doings and its ankles and its curls are important enough, but so are Madame Curie and biometrics and Tuskegee Institute and Thomas Hardy and open shop and insulin; Jacques Loeb, vocational guidance, Wilbur Wright, and civil engineering.

Hollywood is going to rub some of the too much rouge off its cheeks, the gold dust out of its eyes, and the too much Spanish off its villas, unbead its lashes, de-hokum its emotions, and demote its pretenders.

THERE are men and women in Hollywood, not nearly too many, who are on the torture rack of being just within, and yet so far without the reach of the something that eludes them. The unrealized, the untouched possibilities of Hollywood, a city which represents the most unique phase of its civilization that America boasts.

Men and women who are willing to sweat and writhe and labor along during the birth pangs and the growing pains because the glory of the vision is there.

The glory of the vision of the ultimate motion picture.

And the glory of that ultimate motion picture rests right now in the hands and brains of men who have graduated from the great American industries of manufacturing cloth into clothing, and pelts into coats, into the manufacture of the more subtle commodity of ideas into national entertainment.

The result of the quick transition is not surprising.

In time this industry must pass into the hands and brains of men and women equipped by training for the more subtle ideational as well as the industrial aspect. Until that happens the art-industry must remain upon its present dime-novel plane.

Give the public what it wants. We're not altruists. We're business men, say these excommodity manufacturers, who are well within their rights. What's the use doing highbrow stuff if the exhibitors won't buy it? All you got to do is give them a sheik, a bunch of curls, run in a heavy between them, and let the sheik wind up with his foot on the heavy's chest and his arm around the cutie. . . .

Result. Aforementioned dime-novel plane. Just that. The intellectual level of the motion picture today corresponds to the violently colored paper-back thriller of two decades ago.

Sables and Satin. My Panther Girl. Plaything of Fate. Her Secret. Passion's Plaything. Wandering Boy. The Love Puppet. To Do or to Die. Virtue for Sale.

Thousands of pictures of such caliber flashing across the screens of the world and all except a very negligible percentage of them "Made in America."

And Athens-on-the-Santa Fe, blushing for itself, knows this and pins its faith to the Griffiths and the Brabins and the Cruzes and the Laskys and the Lubitsches, and the Von Stroheims and the Ingrams to pull it out of the mire. The mire of fourth-rateness. The mire of fourth-rate minds writing fourth-rate stories for a public for which the best is none too good.

The mire of hokum. Intellectual dishonesty. Gaucherie. Lower level idealism. Illiteracy.

AND so Hollywood passes along its inferiority complex. The producer blames the exhibitor, the exhibitor the producer. The scenario writer blames the author, the star the director, the director the public, the public the producer.

A. What does an ex-fur cutter know about pictures?
B. Why, we tried to sell the Hunchback of Notre Dame to the exhibitors and they said they didn't want any more football pictures. What's the use?
C. There are no good stories to be had. The authors are a bunch of egomaniacs. I've been trying for months to find one who can write me a part that will give me a chance to wear hula-hula clothes and dance the Hawaiian dance that I learned in Tahiti.
D. They are a bunch of roughnecks and lowbrows. Hopeless.
E. They bought my story and threw out everything except the preposition in my title.

And then along comes someone and does a Covered Wagon or a Romola or a Tol'able David and pop! out come the dreams into the hectic eyes of Hollywood. The dreams and the faith. Faith in better pictures. Finer intellectuality behind them. Better mental equipment for the enormous job of perfecting the new art. Not via bigger and better pictures, but smaller and better pictures.

And so it goes. And the adolescent prodigy founders on, and the wiseacres indulge in their wise cracks, and the trains into Los Angeles continue to disgorge the bobbed heads, the dimpled knees, the sheik-juveniles, the slant-eyed Nita Naldis, the imitation Polas, the hopeful Baby Peggies, the made-in-the-image-of Jack Barrymores, the lisping Betty Bronsons, the blondined Mary Pickfords, the athletic "Dougs" into the Hollywood maelstrom.

The streets swarm with them. The beaded eyelashes of Hollywood Boulevard if batted simultaneously would sound as the roll of thunder across the desert.

Casting day outside any big studio is just a casual, everyday occurrence of a congress of the nations. Miss Iowa City, who wears her hair *à la* Sarah Bernhardt and a cigarette stuck in one red garter below her knee. Old Joe Lynch, who once played leads with Mansfield, now with his white hair straggling down over his drooping shoulders. A trio of dancing Arabs. Dimples Dollum, who won the Poughkeepsie Bathing Beauty Contest. Mademoiselle Adaire, the girl who almost swam the channel. Pete Dix, stunt man and doubler. The Zazu triplets. Mineola Lark, the Mary Pickford of Bayou City, Louisiana.

AND in the studios the idea machine is working something like this:

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS FILM CORPORATION:

My wife's little sister thought of a good title this morning at the breakfast table. From Rags to Sable Sin. Get Miss Grindem on the wire and tell her to write Millicent Mills a story around that title.

STAR

(Arriving at the Platinum and Diamonds Studio in a jade-green Rolls-Royce upholstered in Mary Minter mauve):

I want to do an Apache picture next, to go with my new bob. Get somebody to shoot this scene into the scenario. Dotty Doll has a scene with her teeth in the Swirls of Satan and hers aren't one-two-three to mine for whiteness. I want to crawl through an underground Paris dungeon and cut my lover's rope fetters free with my teeth—maybe they could adapt Les Miserables for me around that idea.

THE DIRECTOR:

If you want me to do Madame X, I'll have to substitute a bedroom scene for the trial scene or shoot it in a runaway taxi. My last picture had a courtroom scene.

THE TITLE WRITER:

What's this picture they're going to do next? Merry Wives of Windsor? No exhibitor in the world would buy a picture on that title. Who cares about Wives? Merry Flappers of Windsor. No, Merry Flappers of Wintringham. More class than Windsor. Merry Flappers of Wintringham. Not bad, eh?

Some sanguine souls, wagging sanguine heads, gaze out over the boiling scene of the seething charlotte russe and say, this is the glory that was Greece. This is classical history. This is the labor and travail of a modern classical age.

To view the troubled scene with that complacency (the complacency of self-justification, probably), to view it with anything except a healthy loathing of its third-rateness, a hope for the seemingly inevitable brilliancy of its future, and a tolerance, a certain admiration and no uncertain impatience with its present, is to condone the tawdry, the hokus-pokus and the intellectual plane of the ten-cent novel.

Hollywood is a promise.

A gorgeous one.

A second article by Miss Hurst about Hollywood, the film city, will appear in an early issue.

THE sudden spang of a pistol. . . . She peeped through the curtain and saw DeBruin twist the automatic from Peter's grasp.

Pictures by
W. B. KING

CONFESSION

A Story of an Innocent Man on Trial for Murder, and a Woman Who Risked All to Save Him

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

ATCHISON was dead; Heywood Atchison, the famous criminal lawyer.

Headlines on the front pages of the morning newspapers. That was to be expected. Atchison had been a celebrity of the town for over thirty years; a link between the New York of Daly's and Delmonico's, and the New York of supper clubs and saxophones. His passing brought out as many stories as did that of Madison Square Garden, covering almost as varied a collection of activities.

He had died after a three days' illness, attended only by his valet, and at a small bungalow up in the Ramapo Hills where he retired when he wanted to be alone and plan out the strategy of some weighty case. In accordance with his wishes, his burial was on the place and strictly private.

New York read the news, and paused to comment or to repeat one of his ready epigrams; and then, forgetful, went its way. That is, five million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine did. The six millionth, a woman, sat staring with haggard, despairing eyes at the black headlines.

Recovering from her first stunned dismay, she dropped the paper back on her breakfast tray, and, turning, buried her head in the pillows of her bed.

Her husband's light tap on the door roused her from the quivering panic of her thoughts.

She sat up, smoothing her face with trembling fingers, and tried to smile.

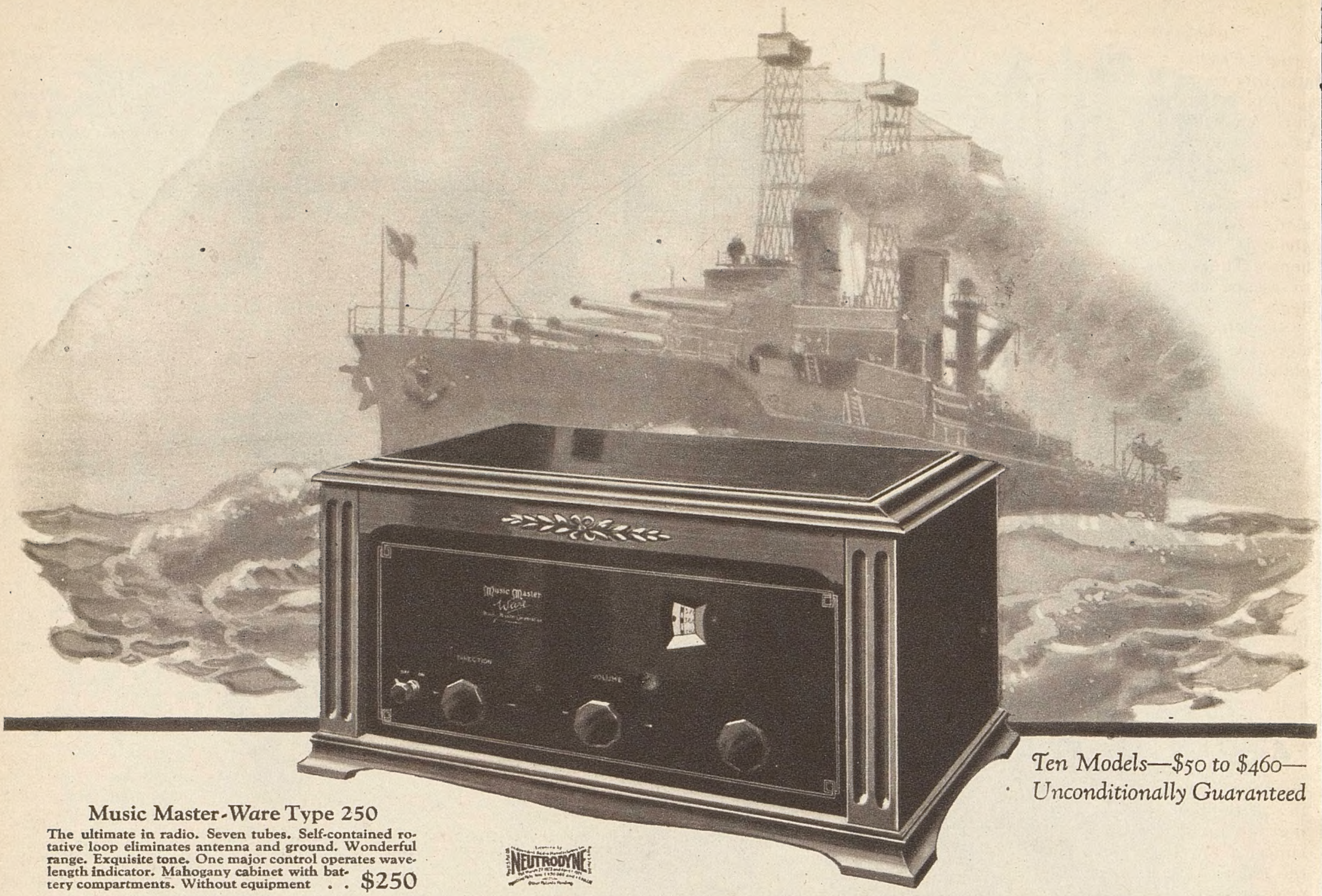
"Draw the shades, will you, Stuart?" she said. "Martha's idea of light is a glare. No; pull them down all the way."

Even in the obscured light he noticed her pallor. "You look like a ghost this morning," he grumbled, solicitously. "You've got to take it easier, Katherine. You're running yourself ragged."

"The penalty for being the wife of a candidate." The laugh she attempted went flat. "I can rest after the primaries, and we've safely landed your—your judgeship." She coughed to cover the break in her voice.

For years a seat on the bench had been

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]



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The ultimate in radio. Seven tubes. Self-contained rotative loop eliminates antenna and ground. Wonderful range. Exquisite tone. One major control operates wavelength indicator. Mahogany cabinet with battery compartments. Without equipment . . $250

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Type 250 Music Master-Ware is an advanced radio receiver which does away with both antenna and ground connection, without sacrificing an iota of range, power or selectivity.

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Music, speech and song come from Type 250, faithful to the original—natural in tone—true to every inflection of voice or cadence of sound—the nearest to perfect reproduction yet attained.

It is the wide range—the sensitive selectivity—the clear, resonant tone—the *pleasure* of operating Type 250 that lift it above any radio you have yet heard or operated.

Type 250 Music Master-Ware does more than receive. It re-creates—retains the life and beauty of whatever it reproduces. It changes mere radio reception to real radio enjoyment.

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CHICAGO PITTSBURGH NEW YORK

Music RADIO Master PRODUCTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

Stuart Frazier's goal; and now, with his outstanding record as district attorney making the nomination and election almost assured, a scandal—that bugaboo of politicians—was waiting to overwhelm him. And all because of her!

Frazier picked up the newspaper from the tray.

"Atchison's death is quite a shock," he said. "I wonder how Peter Hildreth feels about it? Atchison, I imagine, was his only hope. There isn't a chance now for him to escape conviction; not on that evidence."

She winced, and bit her lip to suppress a cry. If he would only go! He lingered, glancing over the newspaper, and reading aloud to her an occasional passage.

One of the columnists had hit upon that parallel between Atchison and old Madison Square Garden, and had rung the changes on it. It seemed to catch Frazier's fancy.

"Listen to this," he said. "'The Garden was no more pictorially imposing than he, with his classic profile, his tossed-back sweep of iron-gray hair, his effect of light agility in spite of his impressive bulk. A flawless taste in art, like the poised, finial Diana, topped his edifice; below was the arena. Men spoke of his successes at the bar, but it was as a showman he excelled——'

"THAT'S true enough!" Frazier broke off with a reminiscent nod. "He put the hoop-la of the circus into his practice of the law, if anyone ever did, twisting and juggling and somersaulting and almost snatching your breath away with the chances he'd take. And he always press-agented every case he had, as if it was a championship sporting event. Never any trouble about Atchison's drawing a crowd.

"But if I'd been writing this," he tapped the paper reflectively, "I'd have gone a bit further. I'd spoken of the burrowing rats and crawling, creeping things in the Garden's dark sub-basements, and compared with them the knowledge Atchison had of the underworld, and of the feuds and intrigues and passions that dominate it. They say, you know, that no unsolved crime was a mystery to him. He had his own avenues of information; and he used the facts he got, or didn't use them, as seemed most to his advantage.

"Still, of course, they couldn't touch on that side of him here." Frazier went back to the article.

"'A colorful career,'" he read the concluding paragraph, "'waving banners, the sheen of tinsel and jewels, the brassy blare of bands, the plaudits of the multitude, for both the old Garden and Atchison. And for both, an end singularly prosaic and commonplace; just the ordinary processes of destruction—a swarm of dago shorers, and a swarm of pneumonia germs—and a hole in the ground.'"

Katherine, listening only intermittently, caught that closing phrase, and shivered. A hole in the ground. The words carried a sense of grim finality. She had pinned her faith to Atchison; and now his death had cheated her. She was struggling in the quicksands again. There was nothing left to cling to.

Her husband laid the paper aside, and, rising with a glance at his watch, bent over to kiss her on the cheek. He patted her hand, with many injunctions that she was not to stir from her room; but at last the door closed behind him. She drew a long breath of relief and lay back limp among her pillows, staring at the ceiling, trying to think.

Was it possible that a single rash, kindly impulse could exact so heavy a price?

It was on a night about three months before that she had yielded to the altruistic prompting for which she was now bitterly paying. Coming home alone from a late party—her husband was attending a political conference at Albany—with her ears still ringing from the gossip she had heard about Beatrice Hildreth, a young married woman of her acquaintance, she had stepped into the elevator and come face to face with the man in the case.

He was not a person that, in the ordinary course of events, Mrs. Stuart Frazier would have known except by sight; one of those Broadway characters who circle like horned, black bugs among the dancing, lace-winged moths in the glare of New York's night life, with an eye to predatory operations.

But it happened that Dan DeBruin and Katherine had been boy and girl together in a country town. He had recently taken an apartment two floors below the one in which she and her husband lived at this Park Avenue address. So there was really nothing strange in their encounter.

DeBruin glanced at her uncertainly as she entered the car; but, at her bow of recognition, smiled and shook hands. They exchanged a few words; then, as the lift stopped at his floor, he said good-night and got out. Involuntarily Katherine stretched out her hand to detain him, but the door had closed.

The woman in the affair was nothing to her—a pretty, incredibly vain and restless creature—but Katherine, with old recollections of DeBruin stirring, had a feeling, a sort of psychic certainty, that an appeal from her would not be in vain: that she, if anyone, could save the situation.

Key in hand, she hesitated before her own door—hesitated a moment too long. The impulse to play goddess of the machine overmastered her discretion; the crusading spirit was strong upon her.

Turning, she ran lightly down the two flights of steps and rang the bell of DeBruin's apartment.

DeBruin opened the door and stood staring at her, doubting his own eyesight. His embarrassment gave her an increased sense of confidence.

"Dan," she said, quickly, "I want to talk to you for five minutes. May I come in?"

He was puzzled; and when anything puzzled him he became suspicious. This was entirely outside his idea of a possible happening. Confused, he stood aside for her to enter. The sitting room in which she found herself was a jumble of ornate objects against a purple velvet background. Sitting on the edge of one of the overstuffed, purple chairs, Katherine's eye was caught by a doll, a harlequin in futuristic orange and scarlet, pinned against a purple velvet curtain.

AMONG these surroundings she was distinctly a note out. There was always something ethereal, other-worldly about her; and tonight this quality seemed emphasized.

"Dan"—her idealistic eyes were fixed on his face, her smile was wistful, faintly appealing—"a good deal of water has run under the bridge since you and I were children back home; but I don't believe people change much inside of them. And that is why I had the courage to come to you tonight, because I have never forgotten an awfully chivalrous thing you did once.

"There was a fad among the boys, you remember, for zoological collections, trapping and caging rabbits and squirrels and such small fry, with the result that either from confinement or neglect most of the poor creatures died. One day I came across you with a freshly caught chipmunk in a box. You proudly exhibited it to me, and I begged you to let it go. You didn't want to, and the other boys jeered at you; but, nevertheless, you turned it loose. It showed a mighty fine streak in you, Dan."

A dull, gratified flush crept up into his hard face.

"That was nothing," he said. "Most of us were glad to do anything you asked, Katherine. You were the most popular girl in the whole school. Besides," cynically, "I knew I could get plenty of other chipmunks."

"Exactly," she said; "and there are plenty of other chipmunks now. But I am pleading only for the one I know about."

He shot an understanding glance at her from the corner of his eye. Suspicion had crystallized. So this was the catch.

"Meaning?"

"Well, Beatrice Hildreth."

He looked at her straight now, his poker face on.

She met his gaze squarely.

"It's the old story over again, Dan. There are plenty of other chipmunks, and this one really means nothing to you. You don't actually care; it's just the momentary triumph you're thinking about. And such a triumph! I heard a lot of women tearing the little idiot

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

Noted Motion Picture Critic *to* Review Films *for* Liberty

LIBERTY takes pleasure in announcing that beginning next week, Quinn Martin, noted motion picture critic, will review the newest and most important films for this magazine.

Mr. Martin finds himself tagged as "the hardest-boiled critic in New York." He has, however, proved his impartiality as between those charming players who operate in Hollywood and those who hold forth in New York by having been born and reared half way between these two localities—in Kansas. He is, in point of service, the dean of the screen critics of New York journalism. For six years he has been cinema editor and critic of a New York newspaper, which position he holds, while contributing his weekly reviews to Liberty.

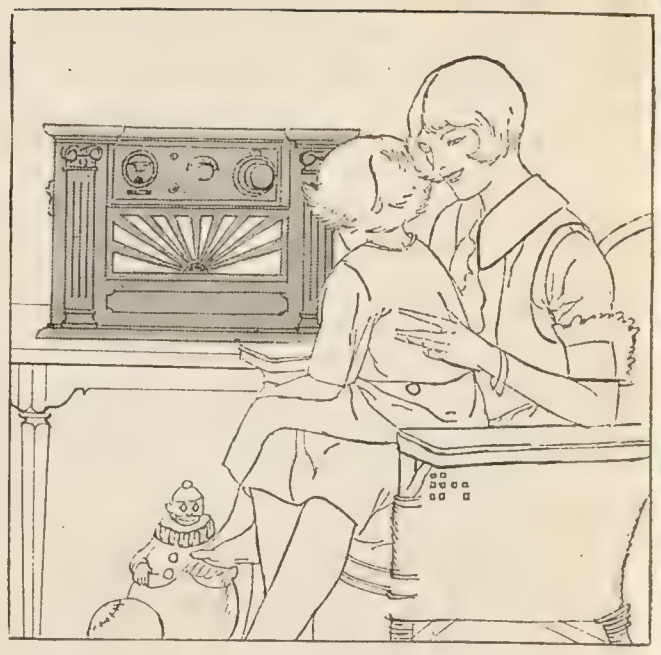
Modesty, Mr. Martin says, prevents him from revealing the names of the various actors and actresses who have risen from obscurity to stardom as a result of his writings, but he is willing to come boldly out with the claim that Harold Lloyd is his star discovery.

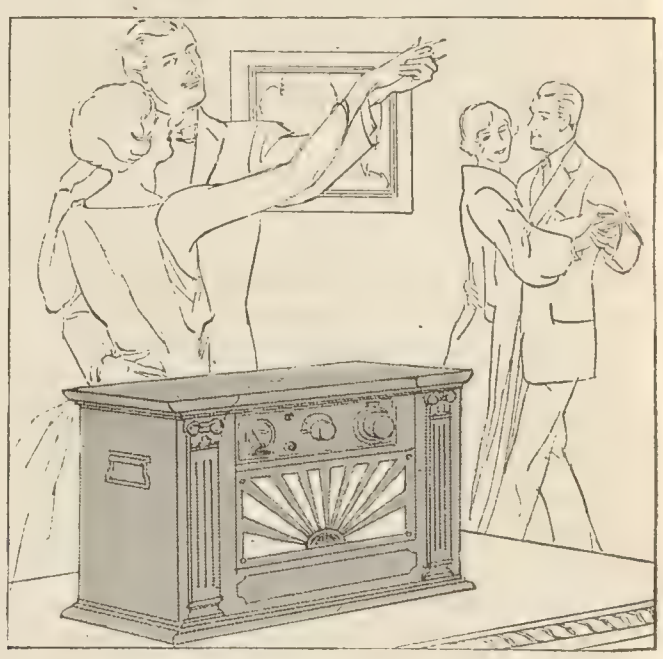
He is thirty-four years old and is married; lives in Great Neck, Long Island, and spends most of his spare time training his German police puppy, Jackie, a gift from Jackie Coogan.

Vandamm Photo

QUINN MARTIN

Different





The New Consolette

Combines the Three Factors Essential to Future Radio Enjoyment

The new Operadio Consolette—a compact, semi-portable cabinet set for home use—not only assures you a finer quality of reception, and greater beauty of design, but also the extremely important additional feature of *convenience.*

It does away with the troublesome problem of outside aerial, because no wires or connections are required. The loud speaker, six tubes, powerful dry cells and all parts are contained in the jewel-like case.

Pick it up—while it is playing if you wish—and carry it to any part of the house. Its performance challenges that of the most intricate and expensive sets designed. This is the radio you will find in America's leading hotels—chosen for its ease of operation, its certainty of results, its convenience and beauty.

In it are embodied the latest approved developments of radio engineering—dry cell and loop operation, straight line frequency tuning, single dial control, the power tube for the last stage of audio amplification and low wave-length reception.

Women, particularly will appreciate the Operadio Consolette. It is truly radio in its ultimate form. You can see this advanced type of receiver at any good dealer's, or you can have it demonstrated in your own home on request.

The Operadio may be purchased in the mahogany Consolette model shown above, or in a smart-looking carrying case, which may be closed and taken with you anywhere. For those who want the beauty of a furniture model combined with the convenience of absolute portability, a distinguished walnut cabinet—The Tudor—is available for housing the portable set in the home.

The Operadio idea was conceived sixteen years ago when J. M. Stone built the first successful self-contained radio receiving set, using a kite to carry the aerial wire aloft. The accompanying sketch was made from a photograph taken in 1909.

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OPERADIO

The Original Self-Contained Radio

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

o pieces tonight on account of this affair with you. If it keeps on, she'll be done for. Peter Hildreth won't stand for everything."

His face did not change; he was still looking at her.

"Where do you come in on this?" he asked. It was the fear of the sharper at having something put over on him.

"I?"

"Yes; what's she to you?"

"Just a chipmunk, Dan," her clear eyes on his.

He sat frowning down at the floor in deep

IT was an enormous relief to her to unburden her troubled soul. The decision rested with him now.

reflection; but when he looked up she saw that she had won.

"All right, Katherine," he said curtly. "It's off. It suits my book to be out of the country for a while. I'll get my steamer reservations tomorrow."

She rose and held out her hand.

"Thank you, Dan. I knew I could count on you."

The doorbell rang sharply.

He scowled; then, as it buzzed again insistently, motioned her toward a room at the back.

"Step in there until I get rid of whoever it is. No use in not answering; might be someone that would stick around and spot you as you came out."

She hesitated, as a realization came to her of the false position in which she was placing herself. Buzz! An impatient thumb was on the bell. DeBruin gave her a little push. She thrust aside the curtain on which hung the red and yellow doll, and entered his bedroom.

II.

AND then she heard the voice of Peter Hildreth. The whole thing was a fantastic nightmare which grew crazier every minute. Hildreth drunkenly accusing . . . the sudden spang of a pistol . . . the sound of a scuffle, a table overturned. She peeped through the curtain and saw DeBruin twist the automatic from Peter's grasp. He tossed it over on the couch, and, pushing Peter into a chair, held him there.

He waited a moment to see if the shot would bring anyone to the apartment; but the report had been muffled by the heavy velvet draperies, and his neighbors were in the South.

"You damn fool!" he said. "It would serve you right if I turned you over to the police. Your wife's at the Griffiths'. Go and find her. And if you come around here again I'll break your neck. I'm sick of the bunch of you; and, if it's any good to you, I'll tell you now that I'm sailing this week to be gone some—little—time. Now, get out."

He yanked Hildreth to his feet, and pushed him, mumbling and muttering, out of the door.

As it closed Katherine came shakenly from behind the curtain.

DeBruin opened the door again.

"Step lively," he whispered, "and keep your head if you meet anyone."

The next morning, from an extra called through the streets, she learned that Dan DeBruin had been found, in his purple sitting room, shot through the heart, and that Peter Hildreth had been arrested as the murderer.

The evidence as given was all against Hildreth. He had been drinking heavily throughout the evening, and to two of his companions had threatened to shoot DeBruin on sight. The elevator boy, doorman, and other employees of the building had seen him enter and go up to the apartment, and leave a short while later. Finally, Hildreth's revolver, with two bullets discharged, had been found in the apartment. An open and shut case, according to the police and the newspapers.

Naturally, Katherine's first impulse was to proclaim Hildreth's innocence. If her husband had been at home, she would have told him the whole story at once. But he had not yet returned from Albany, and his absence gave her time to reflect.

As a woman of the world, she realized just how weak and flimsy the truth would sound. Her husband out of town. She hiding in DeBruin's bedroom during Hildreth's visit. She quailed at the thought of the notoriety, the quizzing. Good heavens, she might even be suspected of killing DeBruin herself!

Then, through the turmoil of her thoughts, a sudden suggestion flashed. Someone else knew that Hildreth was wrongly accused, the someone who had fired that second shot from Hildreth's revolver—the real murderer. The old adage, "Murder will out," recurred comfortingly to her. It was unthinkable, that this person could have gone to the apartment, killed DeBruin, and vanished, leaving absolutely no trace. A fuller investigation would certainly develop this. There would be no need for her to speak. The facts themselves would exonerate Hildreth.

She sent out for each fresh edition of the afternoon papers in the hope of finding that a new

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

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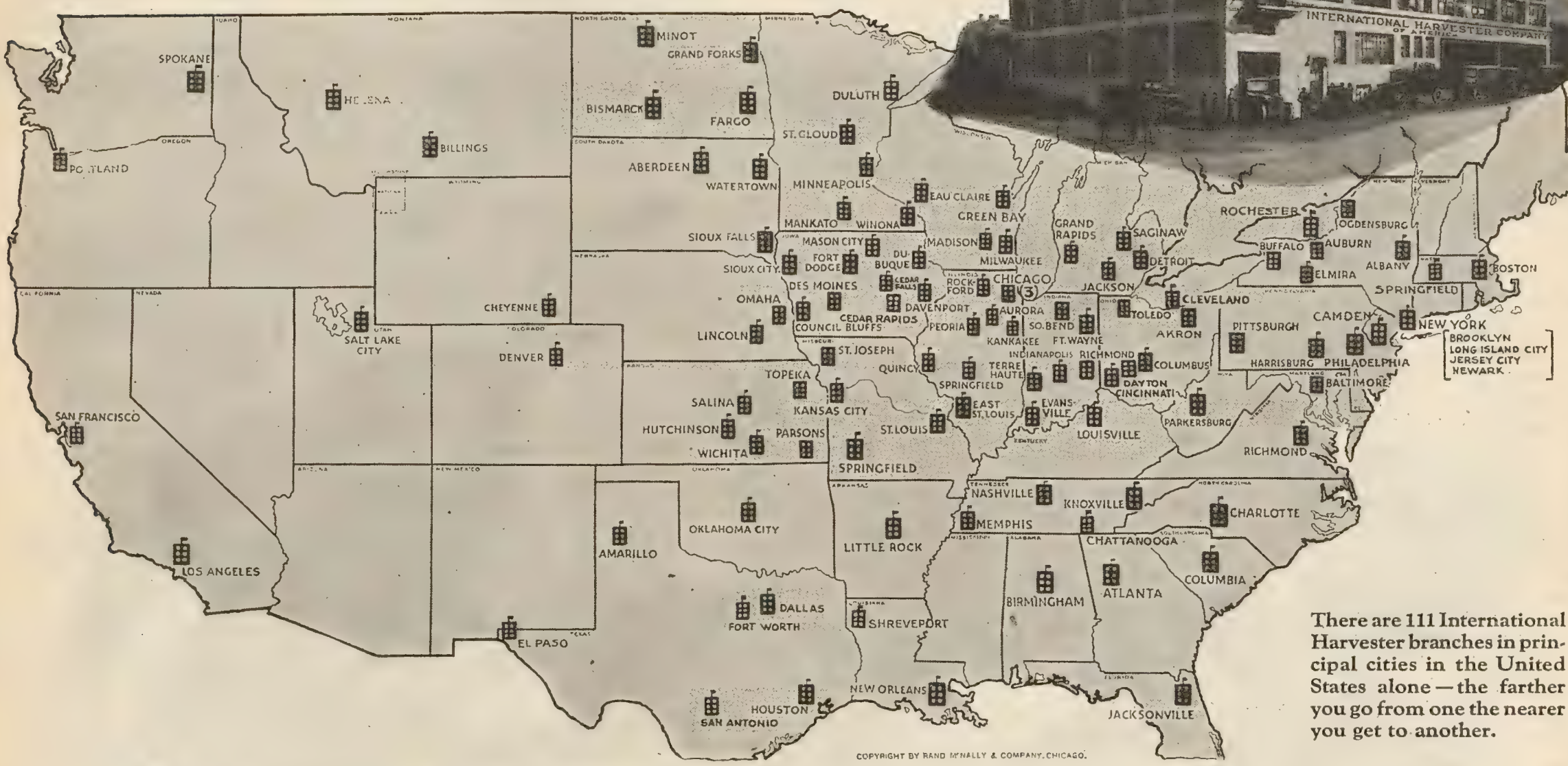
Typical International Branch



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In the first place service is built into every International at the factory; for twenty years these trucks have proved this. For almost a hundred years other products of the Harvester Company have earned the same reputation.

And International Trucks have at their service the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world. There are 111 company branches in this country alone and these are supplemented by the work of our dealers everywhere. Canada has its 17 International branches and many dealers at the command of International owners. For those interested in truck ownership abroad, International has adequate representation and facilities for service in foreign countries over the globe.

There's an organization thoroughly in keeping with the Harvester reputation for service—one that will insure for you all the service from your International Trucks that the Harvester Company has built into them.

The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities; and Motor Coaches for all requirements

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

trail had been uncovered; but there was not even a suggestion of such a thing. Hildreth himself refused to talk, under the advice of his counsel, Heywood Atchison.

Atchison! She caught at that straw. She could see him that evening. She was dining at the house of a friend, and she knew he was to be one of the guests. From him she might be able to learn something more than was in the newspapers, or perhaps gather some hint of his plans.

That evening, during the dinner, Atchison would have been less than the experienced and astute observer of human nature that he was if he had not noticed the covert glances she was constantly stealing in his direction, the intensity with which she listened to every word he spoke. His curiosity was aroused, and Atchison's curiosity was infinite. Later he managed to draw her a little apart; and then, under the flow of his suave, easy conversation, he began to probe for the reason behind this sudden interest in him.

He touched on half a dozen subjects without evoking any response: politics, bridge losses, her husband, obscure diseases, debts, relatives. It was finally she who gave him the lead for which he was seeking.

"I CAN'T help thinking of poor Beatrice Hildreth," she said. "Such a ghastly thing to happen. Tell me, is she quite crushed?"

"Crushed?" He dismissed the idea. "Strange; but I have always found that the butterfly type of woman faces misfortune better than her sterner sisters. Or, perhaps, she does not. Perhaps she merely surprises us into thinking so by facing it at all."

He leaned back and half-closed his eyes, as if mentally debating the question. Actually, he was rapidly reviewing what he knew of Katherine Frazier, her associates, her background. There was little to justify the suspicion that had entered his mind—she was a Cæsar's wife, devoted to her husband and his career—and yet Atchison felt instinctively that he was on the right track.

"Possibly," he went on, "to a woman like Mrs. Hildreth there is something exhilarating in the thought that two men have fought to the death over her, even though one is a fool and the other was a blackguard."

He watched to see how Katherine took this allusion to DeBruin, but got nothing for his pains. He made another cast.

"However," he said, "she will have to discard that flattering idea, in view of our recent discovery."

"Discovery?" repeated Katherine.

Atchison gave an annoyed click of the tongue.

"A bad slip, that, for an old campaigner; but I may as well go on. Confidentially, Mrs. Frazier, there is a woman other than Beatrice Hildreth mixed up in this case."

"A woman!"

"Yes; a woman of—er—prominence." He was feeling his way step by step now. "We have not yet identified her positively, but that is merely a question of time. She was in DeBruin's rooms last night." He took a long chance there, and was elated to see his shot strike home; but no one could have guessed it from his manner.

"SHE had come to get some letters." Unconsciously Katherine gave a slight shake of the head. "Or, possibly, to resist an attempt at blackmail." He saw that he was wrong again and deftly shifted his attack. "Well, whatever her errand, DeBruin angered her beyond control, and, snatching up the pistol Hildreth had left there, she fired."

"No! No!" Her agitation was beyond concealment. "It was not that way. Someone else came later——"

"Hush!" He touched her arm. "I think, Mrs. Frazier," standing up and speaking in a louder tone, "that we are both wrong about that quotation. Let us go to the library and find out."

In that quiet, book-lined room it was an enormous relief to her to unburden her troubled soul. The decision rested with him now. Whatever way he charted her course of action, she would follow it.

He did not keep her long in suspense. Atchison thought like lightning when the situation required it.

"Mrs. Frazier," he said, "I am going to be as frank with you as you have been to me. Your story, as you tell it, would certainly go far toward freeing Hildreth; but I do not think now that this evidence will be required. Wait!" putting up his hand as she gave a deep sob of thankfulness. "I cannot give that as a positive promise; necessity may still force me to call you. But I wish to avoid it, if possible."

He studied her a moment.

"I am disregarding the obvious line of defense," he said, "because of the knowledge that has come to me of certain obscure transactions, various bits of information which, pieced together, throw a different light on DeBruin's murder, give it quite another aspect. I have spoken to no one else of this.

"But," he became sternly impressive now, "you must give me your word of honor that you will not breathe what I have told you to a living soul, least of all to your husband. If, in a moment of feminine weakness, you are impelled to confess to him your visit to DeBruin's apartment, put the notion from you with all the strength of your character. Can you do this? Will you give me your promise and keep it?"

"Yes." Impulsively she stretched out her hand to him. "Believe me, it would require more courage to tell him than to keep silent."

"Good!" he said, heartily. "Now throw this weight off your mind and trust everything to me."

And on that assurance she had rested unworried until this morning, when the news of Atchison's sudden death had leaped out at her from the morning paper to shatter her false security. She was in a far worse complication now than she had been in the first place.

There was only one faint rift in the clouds, so far as she could see. Stuart, in speaking of Atchison's death, had suggested that as a result the Hildreth trial would probably be put over.

"It is down for Monday," he said; "but, under the circumstances, they are almost certain to get a continuance until next term."

A continuance! She caught at the words as a reprieve. It was cowardly, she knew; but most people are opportunists when it comes to a pinch. Next term was months away. Many things might happen in that time.

But, to the surprise of the district attorney's office and of the entire court, no continuance was requested. When the case was called on Monday morning Howard Creighton, junior partner of Atchison's firm, rose from the counsel table to announce that he would appear for the defendant and was ready for trial.

From that point proceedings moved swiftly. By noon of the second day the district attorney had completed his case, and the unanimous opinion of the courtroom as he rested was that conviction was in the air.

Katherine, sitting with clenched hands in the stuffy courtroom, drooped under it. Tensely she had followed every word of the evidence, hoping, praying that something would be brought out to justify the promise of exemption that Atchison had given her. But now she realized that her hopes were vain.

III.

AS the court rose for the noon recess she signaled Frazier; and when he came over to her she told him that she must speak to him alone. When she was closeted with him in his private office, gripping the arms of her chair, she told her story, some way, she never knew exactly how. Stuart took it very much as she had expected. Amazement, doubts of her sanity; and then belief. He aged before her eyes.

After a long silence he dragged himself to his feet. The clock had ticked the hour away.

"Time to be back in court," he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Brush-Sweeps and Air-Cleans

Once over and it's

CLEAN

No backing up with the Hamilton Beach. Just once over, and lint, threads, fuzz—all disappear as if by magic. Use the slightest possible effort.

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Both in this super-unit

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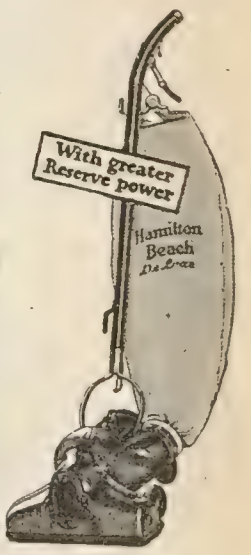
Common sense attachments clean everything in the house: velour furniture, clothing, draperies, mouldings, bookcases, pianos, radiators, and all sorts of hard-to-get-at places and corners.



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THE moment you put on this wonderful new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches — but, better still, you actually grow thinner day by day. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

This amazing new belt marks a wonderful new freedom for stout men—freedom from monotonous, heart-straining exercises—freedom from disgusting reducing diets—freedom from weakening sweat-baths, dangerous pills and dreary self-denials!

New Youth-Giving Belt Massages Away Fat

This marvelous new kind of belt known as the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker and cheaper. The Weil Belt does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat by gently but constantly massaging the bulging fat tissues. It sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. With every move you make, with every breath you take, your abdomen receives this gentle but effective pressure and gradually but surely inches of fat are massaged away.

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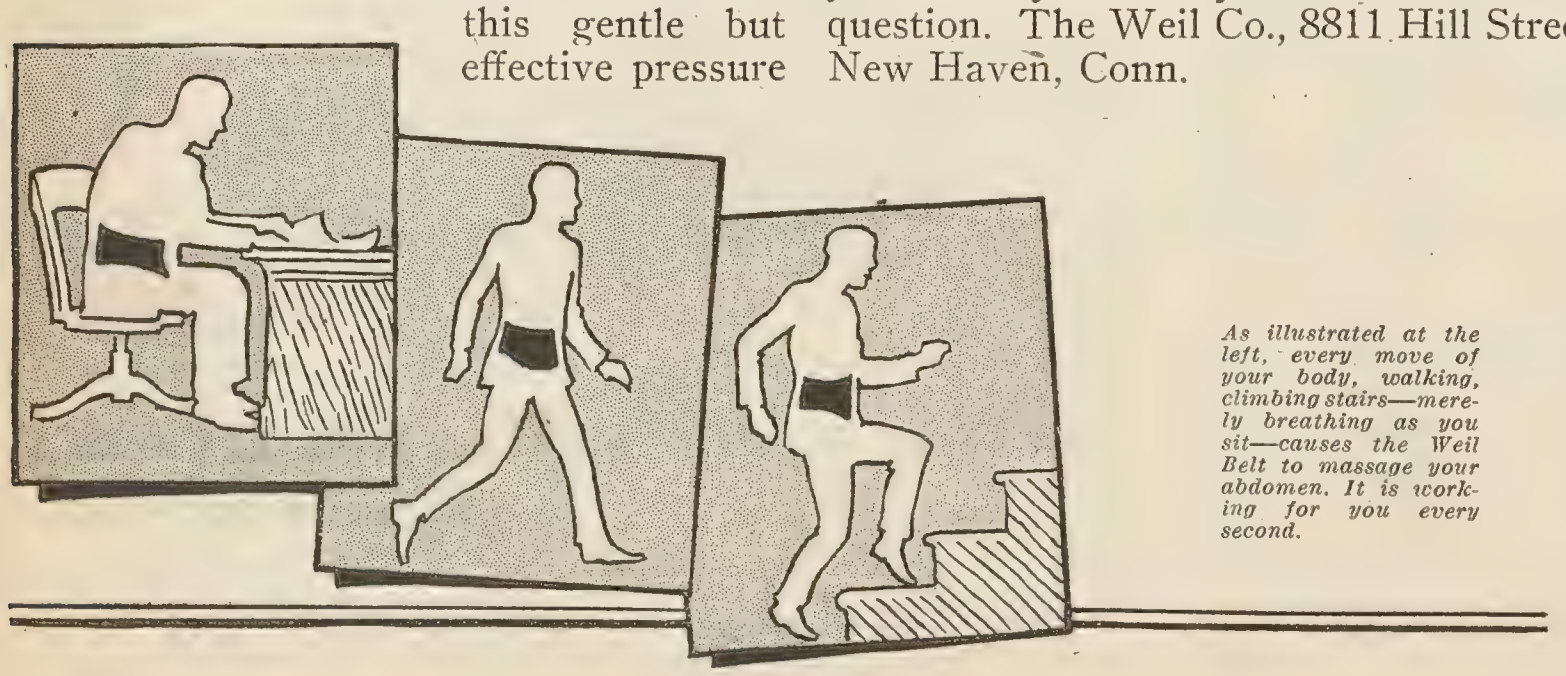
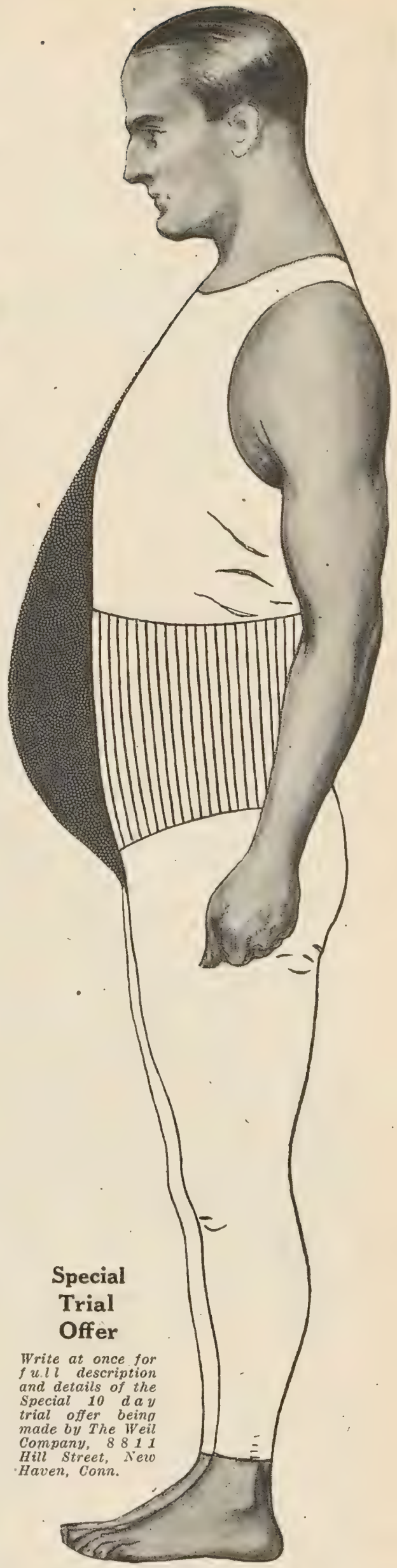
The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly indorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 8811 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.



As illustrated at the left, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

said. "Might as well end the farce at once. I shall move to dismiss the indictment, and then I shall have to put you on the stand." He did not even glance at her as he spoke.

She nodded and followed him into the courtroom. The judge was already on the bench, the jury coming into the box as they entered.

Frazier addressed the court.

"If your honor please, since the State rested certain new information——"

He stopped short. The judge had not even heard him. Instead, he was drawn up in his chair, erect and bristling. Succeeding emotions reflected themselves on his face: incredulity, consternation, the red flush of anger.

FRAZIER wheeled to follow that transfixed gaze, and gaped, a superstitious chill running down his spine. An audible gasp, an excited murmur swept through the courtroom.

Down the aisle, dramatic as always in his entrances, came Atchison—suave, confident, in the full tide of life and health.

He advanced inside the railing to his place at the counsel table and, with the familiar gesture of sweeping back the heavy, iron-gray lock from his forehead, bowed to the grim and menacing figure of the judge.

"I must apologize to the court," he said, "and to you also, gentlemen of the jury, for my belated and—shall I say?—unexpected appearance in these proceedings. It will be charged to me that in my desire to effect the spectacular and sensational I have played the mountebank once too often and have trespassed beyond the limits of forbearance. But if I, who was reported dead, again stand before you, believe me, my purpose has not been to interfere with the orderly conduct of this trial or to perpetrate a meaningless hoax, but to further the ends of justice—to bring home to you by vivid illustration the fallibility of circumstantial evidence."

He plunged then into a discussion of the case, rapidly outlining the account of Hildreth's visit to DeBruin's rooms as he said his client would tell it on the stand, and laying particular stress on Hildreth's claim that he had discharged only one bullet from his pistol, which, going wild, had later been found embedded in the harlequin doll.

"This story," he admitted, "rests only on my client's word. The associated facts seem to disprove it. But," he raised his voice, "was Peter Hildreth, the only man in New York who held a grudge against Dan DeBruin, the only man who had uttered threats, the only man who had a motive for killing him?"

He stated then that he would bring witnesses to prove there had been for months a bitter underworld feud between DeBruin and a similar character, one Louis Alverti. Alverti believed that DeBruin had double-crossed him and was determined on revenge. Atchison said he would present evidence to show that Alverti had made more than one attempt on DeBruin's life, and that each man had announced to his own select circle that New York was too small to hold them both.

"But," he went on, "the district attorney will tell you that such a theory is absurd. Louis Alverti was drowned at Miami, Florida, a full six weeks before the murder of DeBruin. There can be no doubt of that. Accounts of it were published in all the New York newspapers. Probably Dan DeBruin read them, believed them, and abandoned his caution.

"But I, who have read similar accounts concerning myself, want better proof than that of Alverti's death. Six weeks would give Alverti time to grow a beard, change the cut of his hair, rehearse a different gait, and in minor ways perfect a complete disguise. Then, back to New York to settle his score with DeBruin."

Atchison here explained that there was another way of reaching DeBruin's apartment than through the public entrance, an easy and accessible way over the roofs of adjoining buildings. It was possible, he said, that Alverti had been hidden behind the purple draperies of the sitting room when Hildreth paid his crack-brained visit and his pistol was tossed contemptuously on the couch. Alverti was not a person to overlook the advantage of another's weapon lying so ready to his hand. A wipe on his sleeve would remove all evidence of fingerprints.

HE paused and spread out his hands.

"So much for hypothesis," he said, "for I confess this reconstruction of Alverti's movements on the night of the murder is largely hypothetical. But when it became known that I was retained as counsel for this defense a client who considered that he was under obligation to me gave me a hint of Alverti's cunning ruse and of the motive underlying it.

"In considering this possibility, and the whole situation, in fact, I saw the uselessness of attempting to gain corroboration through the ordinary channels. Alverti, the wiliest of scoundrels, would be thoroughly on his guard. He would know that if there was a leak anywhere I might hear of it and that I was the only man outside the underworld who would. Consequently, during the time preceding the trial of Peter Hildreth, and especially during the trial, he would not be in New York, and, in his new role, would be quite untraceable.

"My problem, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, was a difficult one. I must fasten this crime to Alverti; but how?

"I renounced action and resorted to psychology. So long as I conducted this case Alverti would remain discreetly hidden. But if I were definitely removed from the situation what would be his reactions? He would have a sense of arrogant security. The nostalgia of the exile would become unbearable to him. His thoughts would turn longingly to all that meant home and life to him, the sidewalks of New York. And, once here, all his curiosity and interest would center on this trial.

"So I took a leaf from his book, if your honor please; and I played his own trick. I knew it would win me the censure of the court and the condemnation of my brother attorneys, if I failed. But, your honor and gentlemen of the jury," his voice rang out, "I have not failed. Louis Alverti could not keep away from this courtroom. He——"

KATHERINE, hanging fascinated on his words, had her attention sharply distracted. There was a commotion in the gallery. A spectacled, bearded man in one of the front seats had sagged forward. She saw two policemen push through the crowd and carry him out.

In the interval that it took to restore order a reporter came hurrying back and touched Atchison on the arm.

"You called the turn, counselor," he said. "It was Alverti, all right. He saw that you had him spotted and surrounded, and he took the cyanide route."

Atchison gave his characteristic click of the tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"Unfortunate," he said.

Briefly he repeated to the court the information he had received.

"If your honor please," he said, "Louis Alverti has committed suicide; and, in the words of Daniel Webster, suicide is always confession. I move that the jury be instructed to bring in a verdict of acquittal."

As they waited for that formality to be accomplished Stuart Frazier, deeply moved, whispered:

"I never won a case, Atchison, so thankfully as I lose this one."

Atchison stepped past him to where Katherine sat, a little dazed, a little tremulous, yet with gratitude shining in her eyes. He looked down at her, and then at the blindfolded figure with the scales above the judge's bench.

"*Ave*, wife of Cæsar!" he said. "Justice, you see, still prevails. There is no punishment for a good deed. I, who have returned from the dead, salute you."

THE END

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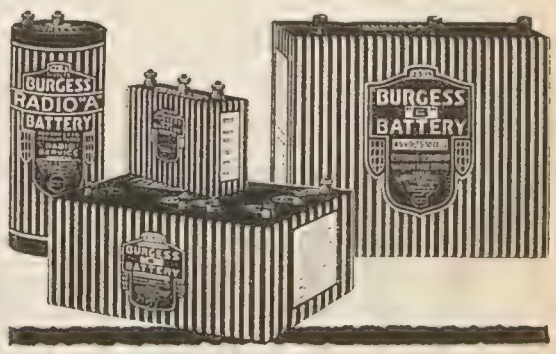

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A floor is set apart exclusively for women where everything is done for the comfort and protection of the woman travelling alone. A new entrance on Randolph Street, leading directly to the desks and lifts, is another feature women like. It is now unnecessary for them to pass through the lobbies.

The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN is the home of Chicago's three best-liked restaurants. *The Old Town Coffee Shop,* with Tony Sarg's famous painting of Chicago in 1854, serves College Inn food at popular prices. *The College Inn,* known internationally for its cuisine and patronage by notables, this year features Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra. *The Bal Tabarin,* Chicago's most exclusive supper club, has Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders as the orchestral attraction.

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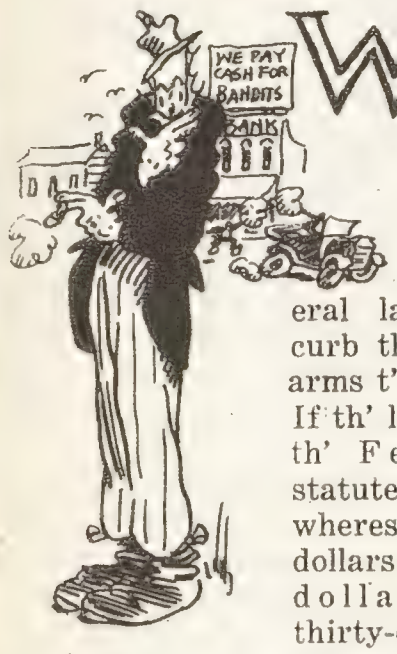
Abe Martin *on* *The* Crime Wave

By KIN HUBBARD

Picture by GAAR WILLIAMS

HERE is Abe Martin again. The widely known country observer and philosopher made his bow to Liberty readers in a recent issue, discoursing on Th' Good Ole Days. This time his creator, Kin Hubbard, has induced him to throw the light of his wisdom on matters of graver import.

Ther's been so much said about prosperity bein' "jest around th' corner" that a lot o' th' unemployed have gone around th' corner with a piece o' gas pipe.



WHEN th' proposed National Crime Commission gits organized an' squared away th' first thing it aims t' do is t' git a Federal law put through t' curb th' sale o' small firearms t' stop our murderin'. If th' law works as good as th' Federal prohibition statute we'll be payin' somewheres around fifty-one dollars instead o' five or six dollars fer an ordinary thirty-eight or forty-five. An' a criminal hain't going t' kick on payin' fifty-one dollars fer a pistol when he kin walk in a crowded bank an' clean up twenty-five or thirty thousan' dollars with it.

We are now murderin' somethin' like ten thousan' people a year in this country, while our robberies foot up t' three million dollars annually. Holdups run along somethin' like seventy-one thousan' per year. While our poisonin's are progressin' nicely, only one-half as many women wuz thrown in cisterns fer th' first six months o' this year as ther wuz th' last six months o' th' previous year, or, roughly, fifty per cent. Ther's a little gleam o' hope in these figgers, although th' tendency toward usin' city water an' fillin' up th' wells doubtless is responsible fer th' splendid decrease.

Th' great growth o' crime in this country is attributed by various authorities to various things an' conditions—th' World War, th' movies, th' automobile, th' craze fer clothes an' pleasure, an' prohibition. But since all other countries, 'cept Mexico, wuz mixed up in th' war, an' love clothes, an' cars, an' fun, it naturally simmers down t' prohibition.

But in skimmin' over our murders fer th' last few days I find that th' most cunnin' an' diabolical an' fiendish killin's contain no taint o' liquor. Th' thing is indeed puzzlin'.

Let's take th' last five murders in my town. Lester Finley jest got tired lookin' at his wife, an' killed her with a hatchet within a foot of a cistern; Mrs. Ike Newcomb, with a raccoon coat an' her own car, poisoned her whole family o' seven; Burly Sap, with an ivory-handled forty-five layin' on his bureau, stabbed his aged aunt t' death 'cause she didn't have batter cakes fer breakfast; Armand Bentley kicked a neighbor t' death because a tree blew over across his line fence, an' he's never been inside of a soft drink parlor; Miss Goldie Moots killed a wealthy married broker with a shotgun because he simply lied t' her.

THER' wuz no autos, or booze, or jazz, or movies, or small arms mixed up in any o' these awful crimes. O' course, th' upkeep of a second-hand seven-passenger car is liable t' lead t' murder, an' men an' women have been killed in rum brawls, or a gin fracas. Ther's been a few murders o'er bobbed hair, an' long-drawn-out movie kisses have ruined quite a few homes, but we must git educated up t' these things even if it does cost some lives.

Constable Plum tells me that durin' his last race fer office a feller came t' him an' offered t' wipe out any family in town for eighteen dollars. Human life is th' cheapest thing there is t'day next t' food fer thought.

Ther's been so much said about prosperity bein' "jest around th' corner" that a lot o' th' unemployed have taken it literally an' gone around th' corner with a piece o' gas pipe.

What's needed, to my mind, is a crusade agin our silly, sentimental pardon boards an' parole systems.

Joe Lark's brother wuz a burglar fer years, an' jest because he didn't rob any banks, or shoot anybuddy, or steal any autos while he wuz in prison, they let him out fer good behavior. Mrs. Lafe Bud's nephew wuz reprimanded four times an' paroled three times before he finally murdered a couple o' cashiers.

An' our prisons are too nifty. Elmer Means, who wuz paroled last week, went back t' prison t'day because things at home wuz too inconvenient. As th' Bloom Center *Argos* sensibly points out, "our prisons are too sumptuous," an' along this same line th' Zanesfield (Ohio) *Shield an' Banner* suggests "that we spend a little money on our county poorhouses, an' take th' bowlin' alleys, tennis courts, an' sirloin steaks out of our prisons."

It's said that if gun carrying is controlled society'll enjoy some measure of security, an' th' West Liberty *Ledger* pertinently asks, "what'll society do if rum runnin' is ever controlled?"

Ever' day or two some woman kills her mate, an' why? Let th' National Crime Commission make a house t' house canvass, if necessary, an' find out th' underlyin' causes o' this fad.

In a ringin' sermon last Sunday, the Rev. Wiley Tanger said, "Let th' National Crime Commission fergit about a statute agin pistols; let it overlook th' auto, th' rum trafficker, close dancin' an' th' movies, an' direct its energies agin parents—mothers an' fathers—who are t'day directin' their children in th' way they're goin' themselves, instead of in th' opposite direction."

THE END

I HAVE often thought that one of the difficulties of being a butler or a footman is this: He must always look as solemn as a wooden image.

Pictures by
EDWARD RYAN

The Four Hundred's Servant Problem

A Social Secretary Tells Society's Tribulations in Being Waited Upon

By
ELIZABETH BARBOUR

SERVANTS! The word elicits conversation from every woman who has ever had one, even if she has only hired a washwoman once, for half a day. So, the story of the direction of a small army of servants in a fashionable Fifth Avenue mansion ought to be interesting.

For fourteen years I was the secretary of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, that famous society woman who dominated the Four Hundred for so many years, and since her death, in 1915, I have been a secretary in the houses of other great ladies. So, I know about the servants of the rich, or "the help," as you must call them, to avoid hurt feelings. Mr. Harry Lehr, one of the wittiest and most popular men in society, tipped me off to that. When I arrived at Mrs. Fish's, frightened and certain that I was unfit for my job, Mr. Lehr was a guest there. Because I was from the South, like himself, and because he was one of the kindest men, he took me aside and coached me.

About seventeen servants are necessary to run a great house with grandeur. This does not include nurses (one for each child), governesses, a night watchman and a day watchman, and others. In one house in which I worked there were always two engineers, in charge of the furnace, the garbage incinerator, and the dynamo for the lights and the ice-making plant.

But, besides these, to enumerate the essential servants in the house of Mrs. Fish, there should be a butler, two footmen, a chef, a useful man, a cook, two parlor maids, two chambermaids, two kitchen maids, two laundresses, a housekeeper, a hall girl, a chauffeur, and a footman.

Of these, the butler is the most honored; usually a high-class man and an Englishman. For many years Mrs. Fish had a butler whom I shall call Jenkins. The very fact that he was so superior to most in manner and looks led him into situations that, for him, were terrible.

Once Mr. Stuyvesant Fish wished to place one of his automobiles at the service of a Louisville gentleman and his wife who were staying at the Ritz. Jenkins was sent down with the car. The Louisville gentleman, under the impression that Jenkins worked in Mr. Fish's office—because of his careful dress and punctilious air—greeted him cordially and introduced him to his wife, all of which was intensely embarrassing to poor Jenkins. He could only respond cordially. Yet, on account of his training (his father and his grandfather were butlers before him), he felt that for him, a servant, to be introduced to a lady and to shake hands with a gentleman was desecration. At the same time, he was unable to explain, without embarrassing the gentleman, that he was only Mr. Fish's butler. Poor Jenkins! He was a sensitive man. I know how, on such occasions, his clear, pale skin would be stained with a dark blush of agony.

The butler must change his clothes three times a day; more often, you see, than many a

dandy. He officiates at breakfast in a dark blue sack suit. At eleven o'clock he changes into black trousers with a narrow gray stripe in them, a dark waistcoat, a stiff-bosomed white shirt, a standing collar, and a black four-in-hand tie. At six he dresses again, putting on this time a full dress suit with a white lawn tie.

The butler has the combination to the silver safe. Each night, before going to bed, he counts the silver and locks it in the safe. He alone is responsible for every piece. Then he has the keys to the wine cellar, also a serious responsibility. For, I assure you, there are still wine cellars in America—huge, iron-grated things, in the basement, with sometimes more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of rare wines and liqueurs and other beverages.

The butler is in charge of the two footmen. He hires them and sees to it that their liveries are natty, their shoes polished, their fingernails clean.

It will interest you to know how a butler, with two strapping footmen, serves lunch or dinner to, perhaps, only two or three persons. The butler stands behind his master's chair. The footmen, both handsome young men, well built and at least six feet tall, stand behind those who are seated at the sides of the table. These young gods are attired in the family livery. The Fish footmen, for example, wore maroon broadcloth with bright red velvet collars sparkling with gold buttons embossed with the family crest, long-tailed coats, knee-breeches bound below the knee with a gold band an inch wide, with gold tassels at the sides, and white silk stockings and patent-leather pumps with gold buckles.

Serving lunch, the butler does little work himself. He simply oversees the footmen while they pass the food, clear the table, etc. The butler passes only the principal dish, such as the roast, and then he pours the wine. At the end of the meal, the butler unbends enough to lift the dishes of candy from the table. These he hands ceremoniously to the footmen, who then pass them.

I HAVE often thought that one of the difficulties of being a butler or a footman is this: He must always look as solemn as a wooden image. Yet, at the Fishes' dinner table, the conversation was often uproariously funny. The entire company would become hilarious. I remember one footman, a bright young fellow with much fun in him. His brother was a vaudeville actor. I know how terribly hard it was for him to keep from laughing. Yet he did not dare bat an eyelash. But the laughter used to sparkle in his eyes.

If there is not a valet, the butler acts as valet to the master of the house and a footman valets for the sons. To be valeted! An experience few will ever enjoy. Imagine you are a great financier and control a couple of railroads. At the time you wish to be aroused in the morning there is a soft knock at your door. Your butler comes in bringing shoes that have been polished overnight by the useful man.

If it is winter, he puts down the windows, lights the fire (for each bedroom has a fireplace), and draws a bath for you. While you are bathing and shaving he lays out your clothes for the day, so that you can dress yourself without effort, mental or physical. The clothes which you have worn the day before are carried to the pressing room to be cleaned and then to the sewing room to be mended, if necessary.

The men of the family eat breakfast in the dining room, ministered to by the butler (in his sack suit) and, perhaps, one footman. But all fashionable ladies and week-end guests have breakfast trays sent to their rooms, carried thither by the footmen and received at the door by the personal maids of the ladies or by the valets of the gentlemen.

In the evening, while the guests are in the living room conversing or playing cards, the butler, pencil and pad in hand, goes softly up to each and asks what he or she wishes for breakfast and at what time. Each order is recorded, and, no matter what it is—tea and toast, or ham and minute-and-a-half eggs, anything—it is served the following morning.

During house parties, I have seen as many as fifteen breakfast trays arranged on the long table in the butler's pantry, all ready to be carried to the bedrooms. They are things of beauty, these trays. Silver trays with white lace covers, china and flowers to match the bedrooms whither they are bound. For example, for a pink room, pink china and, perhaps, a single perfect pink rose, laid across a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They are not supposed to, but always, before going to bed, they have another repast, with plenty of gossip as an appetizer.

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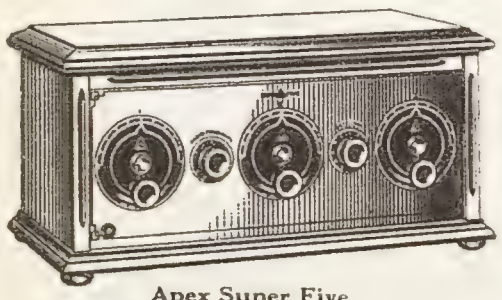

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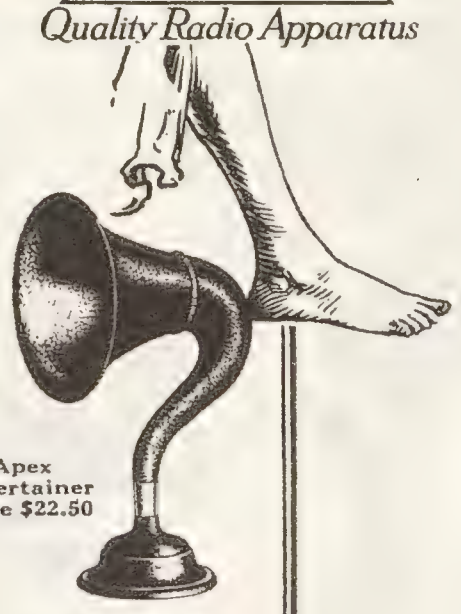

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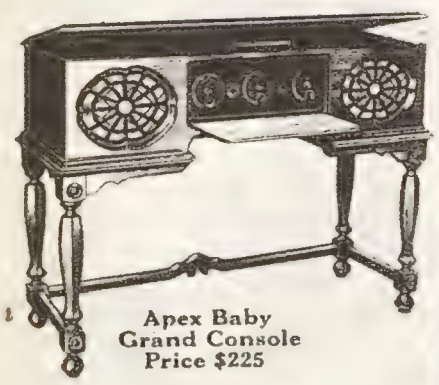

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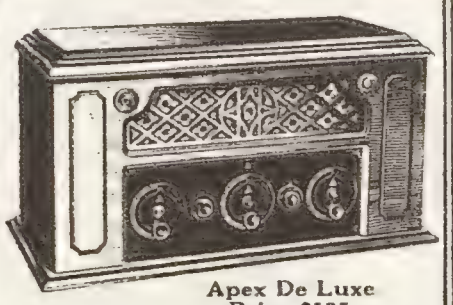

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

napkin; a mauve room, mauve china and orchids; a jade and silver room, jade green china and gardenias.

But to return to the work of servants. The footmen most of the day are merely ornamental. But in the morning they do some real work. They clean the dining room and pantry, the lower hall and vestibule. The second footman has to clean the silver every morning, and, since there is so much of it, this keeps him busy between ten and twelve. Then into liveries, to serve lunch at 1:30. In the morning, while the footmen are cleaning, the butler is on duty in the hall; but for the rest of the day both footmen stand in the hall looking like Eighteenth Century noblemen in their bright liveries, their shapely calves in white silk.

IT is the useful man who does all of the hard work—cleaning windows, polishing brass and nickel fixtures, carrying wood and coal, polishing shoes. At house parties he attends to the baggage of the guests, which is a hard job, for most of the guests bring not only bags but also trunks.

This poor fellow receives less pay than a footman. But his greater disadvantage lies in the fact that he receives no tips from guests, for the reason that, since he is always working, he must always be out of sight; for, one of the first rules of a well-ordered house is that servants who are really working must never be seen at their labors. Only the ornamental ones are on view. Even the family is shielded from the painful spectacle of a working servant.

I remember, when Mrs. Fish came down in the morning, how every man and maid who was cleaning would scurry off, carrying pails and mops before them.

"They scuttle off like rabbits," she once said to me.

There were two parlor maids and two chambermaids who put in their days cleaning the living rooms and the bedrooms. One of my first days there I asked Mrs. Fish:

"On what days is the house thoroughly cleaned?"—a terrible break!

"Every room in my house," she said indignantly, "is cleaned *thoroughly* every day."

The head chambermaid gets the linen ready for the laundry and then helps the housekeeper put it away in the linen closet. Now, this is a task. I have known occasions when of napkins alone there were four hundred in the wash.

Table linen was changed every meal; bed linen every other day. All sheets were of heavy linen, and most of them with a lace border a foot wide. When the linen had been laundered and ironed with exquisite care, the head chambermaid and the housekeeper tied it all up into lots with broad satin ribbons and stored it in the linen closet. And what a room that was! It was like stepping into a flower garden; a large room, full of sunlight, the shelves a-flutter with satin bows.

The importance of well-trained servants I can illustrate convincingly. In great houses there are priceless things everywhere. For example, in the home of Mrs. William Hayward, the former Mrs. Morton F. Plant, on a fragile table in the hall, there was a vase, twelve inches high, worth twenty thousand dollars, at least. How long would it have stood there with clumsy servants around?

In the Fifth Avenue mansion of the late Mr. Henry C. Frick a footman knocked off a tiny table and smashed to smithereens a vase worth forty thousand dollars. If that does not make your blood run cold, nothing will.

The footman was paralyzed with fright. But it is interesting that Mr. Frick took it very calmly and philosophically. He rebuked the man for the accident only very mildly, and did not discharge him.

The lady's personal maid is usually French and usually a devil. Her devilishness I cannot account for. Perhaps it is due to the fact that she does not get tips from the guests like other maids. Another thing, since she has the ear of her mistress, it is in her power to retail doings of the servants' hall (and she usually does so), all of which makes her feared and hated by the other servants.

MRS. FISH had a sour-faced French maid for fourteen years.

"How can you stand that face?" I said once.

"I never look at it," she replied.

In this connection I must say that, contrary to popular belief, aristocratic ladies are not dressed and undressed by their maids. A maid's duty is only to see that the lady's clothes are exquisitely cleaned and pressed and mended; to enter in the morning, light the fire, draw the bath, take the breakfast tray from the footman and place it on the table beside the bed; get out the lady's clothes for the day and lay them on the bed; wash her fragile stockings and underwear; carry her jewel case when she travels.

But one social climber for whom I was a secretary had acquired her wealth very suddenly, and had the idea, common to many, that, when you are a high-born lady, your maid dresses and undresses you as though you were a small child. Her maid (in this instance a very nice English girl) used to complain to me about it.

"I even have to undo her corsets," she'd groan.

And once this English girl said to me:

"Last night I was so sick of it

I walked out without taking off her stockings. And this morning, when I went in there—what do you think? She still had them on! I suppose, because I didn't take them off, she thought it's the thing."

Now we come to that autocrat, the chef, also usually French. His first demand is a perfect kitchen. On entering service, he is sure to hold forth on the ignorance of architects in regard to kitchens, and he insists that they should always have a chef in consultation. He demands the latest and most improved cooking utensils. He must have a first-class cook (usually a woman) as an assistant, to cook for the servants and the children. (The latter, by the way, have their own dining room, and are ministered to by their nurses.) Then he must have a hall girl, to wait on the servants; two kitchen maids, to wash dishes, to scour the enormous copper cauldrons and countless copper pots, to polish them until an actress could see in them clearly enough to put on her make-up.

A chef, besides cooking to perfection, prides himself on his sugarwork, his skill in making candy baskets decorated with flowers or fruit, the ice cream, nests of spun sugar for puddings.

Once, at Mrs. Fish's, we had a chef who overworked his art. The first dinner party after his arrival was like a bad dream. His idea seemed to be that no member of the vegetable harem should appear without a veil, with the result that the food was all so disguised you couldn't tell what it was. All was hidden in colored molds of gelatin and cornstarch, tortured into extraordinary shapes. Finally, the late Mr. "Jimmy" Parker, who was a charming old beau of New York and Newport and an old friend of Mrs. Fish's, turned to her and said in a low tone:

"My God, Mamie! What have you in your kitchen—a chef or a milliner?" This induced hysterics, almost, on the part of Mrs. Fish and the guests. Needless to say that chef never cooked another dinner there.

Now, chefs are very trying. In New York there are chefs to be had for one hundred and forty-five dollars a month. But in Philadelphia and Baltimore first-class chefs demand higher wages. One Philadelphia family I know has to pay their chef two hundred dollars a month. The reason is that the chefs in Newport and New York can extort from the butcher and the groceryman from fifteen to twenty per cent of the monthly bills. These bills are sometimes as much as two thousand dollars a month. But in other cities the tradesmen will not pay such high commissions.

IT is, of course, a pernicious system, so far as the pocketbook of the lady of the house is concerned. It is to the chef's interest to make the bills high. And it is to the tradesman's interest, since he must make up for his commission to the chef, to pad the bills. In Newport a butcher once padded the bills with an item of eighty-five dollars for thirty-six spring turkeys. When I asked the chef to account for the spring turkeys (no one could remember having eaten them), he said he would talk to the butcher about it. But I knew this meant he would collaborate with the butcher in some lie. So I talked to the butcher myself, with the result that we changed both butcher and chef.

"The help" make very good livings. The butler and footmen and chauffeur are given the clothes they must wear in service. The chef, always in white from cap down, is given twenty-five dollars a month extra for his laundry. The butler's wages are about one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month; the chef's, one hundred and forty-five dollars; the footmen's, each ninety dollars; the useful man's, seventy-five dollars; the maid's, from seventy-five to ninety dollars, and the chauffeur's, at least one hundred and sixty dollars a month.

But there is another important source of income to many of these—the tips from guests. Most of the guests, of course, bring their own maids and valets. Sometimes there are as many as fifteen of these extra servants staying in the house over a week-end. But if a male guest does not bring a valet, then it falls to one of the footmen to valet for him. And a piece of good fortune that footman considers it, as he can look forward to more than the usual tip.

When the guests depart, say, on a Monday morning, the butler and footmen are always in the downstairs hall, standing behind the luggage. Nothing can budge them therefrom. I have heard a telephone ring interminably and vainly because the footmen had not seen the last guest pass through the great doors.

Here are the tips: As a rule, every guest sends five dollars to the chef by a maid or a valet, five dollars to the butler, two or three dollars to the footmen, the parlor and chamber maids, and to the chauffeur. The late George Gould used to create a furor because he tipped the chef and butler twenty dollars each and gave ten dollars each to all the other servants.

Of course, this tipping is obnoxious to hostesses. It means that many friends who may not happen to be rich cannot afford to

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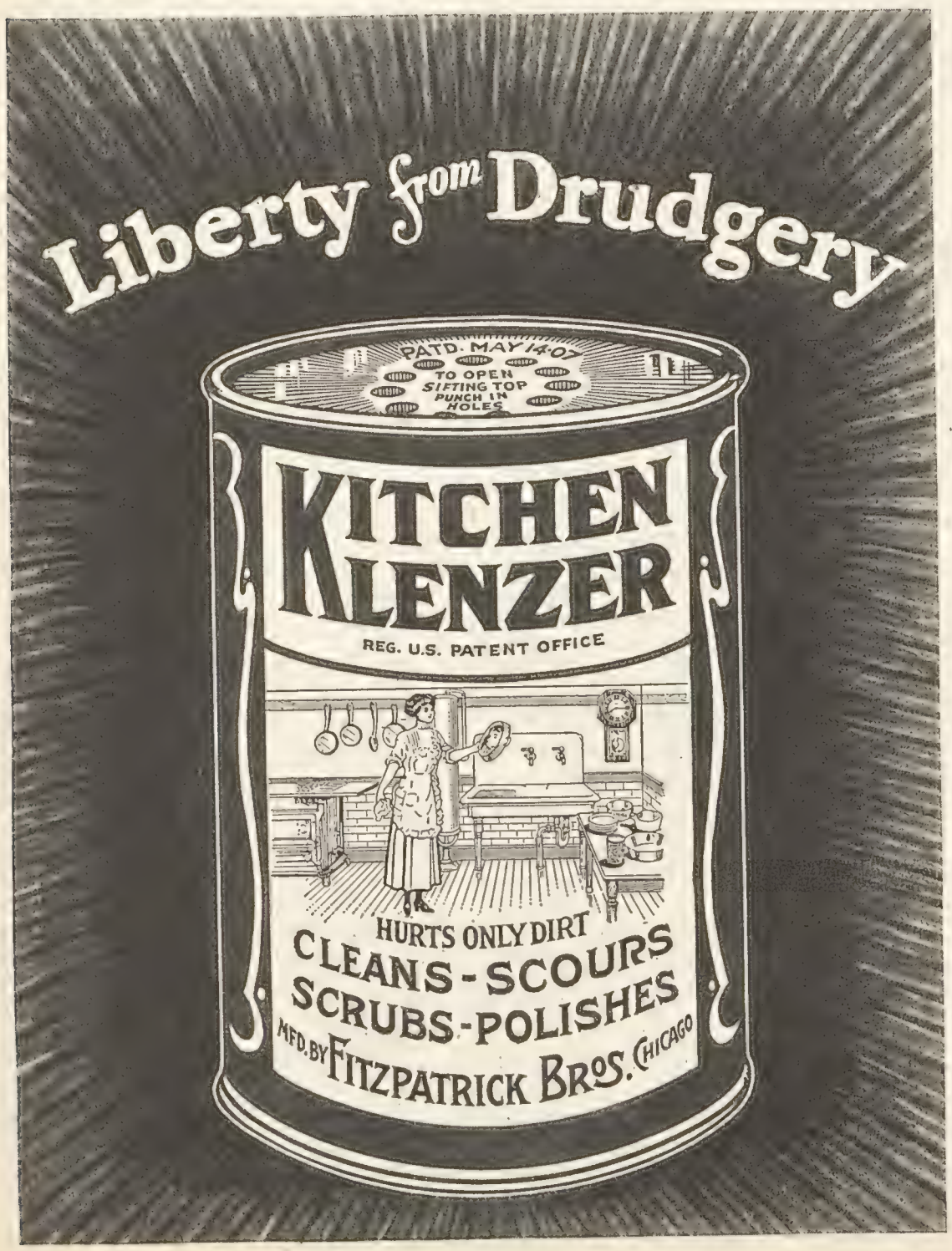

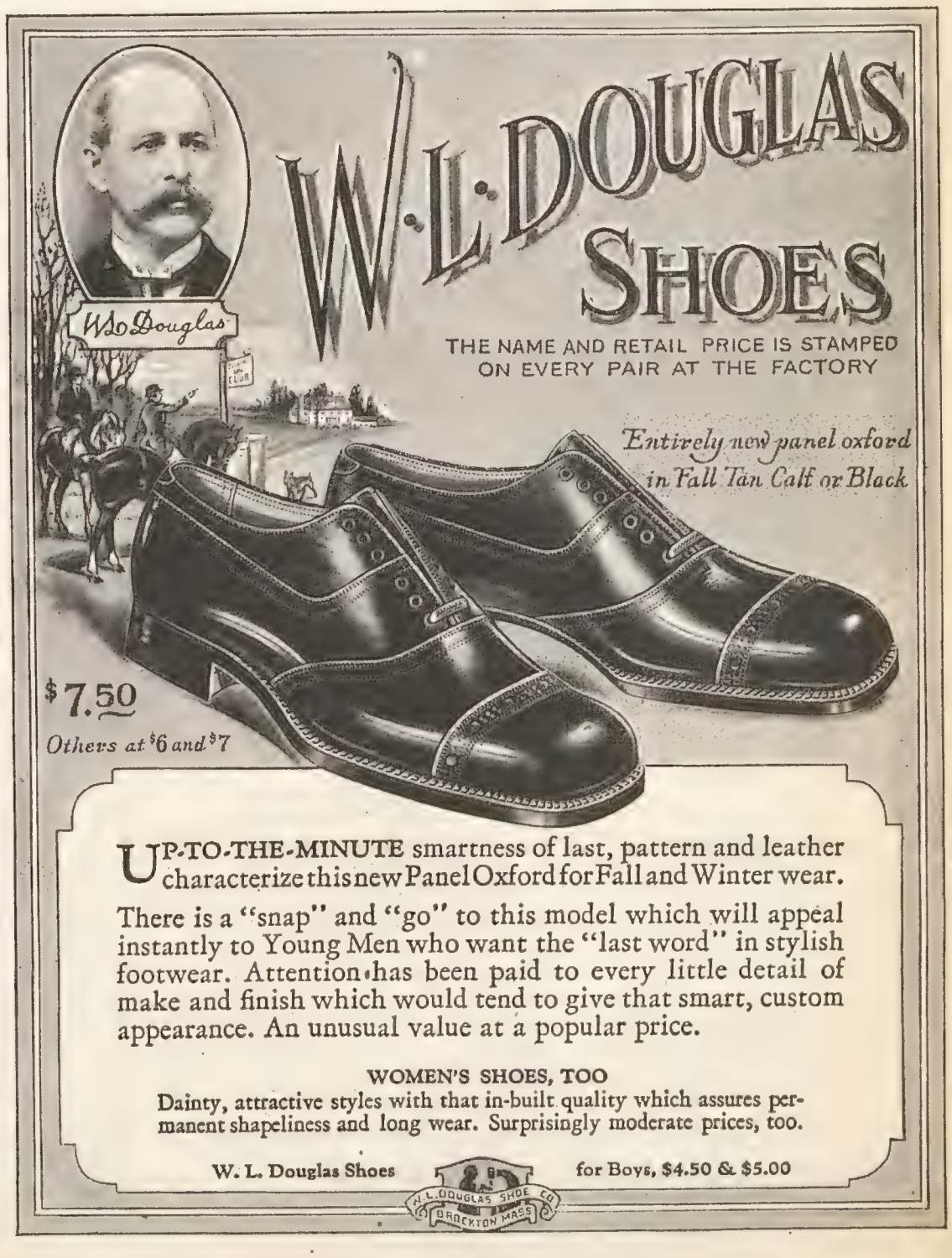

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accept their hospitality. Yet it seems that nothing can be done about it.

The life of these servants is really quite easy. They live on the top floor. Each has a well-furnished, comfortable room. Besides their regular meals, they always have tea and delicacies in their dining room at ten o'clock in the morning and at three o'clock in the afternoon. They are not supposed to, but always, before going to bed, they have another repast, with plenty of gossip as an appetizer. No female servant will do a stroke of work between two and five o'clock in the afternoon.

Most of these servants are young and comely and, since there are so many of them and so many visits from other valets and maids and chauffeurs, they have plenty of gayety and doings—parties, flirtations, and love affairs. Another thing, their personal lives and escapades are their own business. Rich and fashionable women do not snoop around into their servants' affairs as do many middle-class women who have only one poor wretch of a maid.

IN fact, so many of them are such handsome bright young people it used to make me feel sad that they were servants. For, although it is no disgrace to be a servant, few of them are able to rise above the stigma that they feel attaches itself to their occupation. And this accounts for the unhappy combination in their natures of servility and snobbishness.

For snobbish they are. There are some who are insulted if an agency offers them work in an apartment rather than in a mansion, no matter if the apartment has thirty rooms and fifteen baths. There are others who will give up their positions if they find their employer's manners are uncouth, even if they are paid high wages; while others refuse to work for persons who are not of prominent families and members of the better class of society.

To ask one of them to do a small thing that is not a part of his regular routine brings forth an instantaneous wail, "But that isn't my work!" And the eyes almost protrude with horror.

As for their food, it includes the tenderest roast beef, chicken twice a week, expensive vegetables, ice cream and other delicacies. If it is not forthcoming, their complaints will rise to high heaven.

Mrs. Fish used to like corned beef and cabbage, so we had it every now and then. While eating it, she would reflect with amusement (and—who knows?—perhaps with the tweak of uneasiness that a less magnificent woman would feel) and say:

"How they're kicking about this downstairs!"

THE END

Brandes Cone Speaker $38.

Acoustics *by* Brandes

means better radio

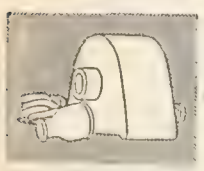
LET the voice of your set be a Brandes. Let your set sing its best and speak its clearest—through a Brandes.

The new Brandes Speakers—perfected now after many busy years of experiment—give new clarified mellowness to the low tones, new rounded sweetness to the high.

And there is a Brandes speaker to meet each person's requirements of appearance and price. A cone, a cabinet, a horn (Type H), a smaller horn, a phonograph attachment. All of Brandes quality.

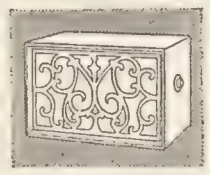
Be sure your set is in its best voice—always—with acoustics by Brandes.

The Type H—Antique green and black finish. Adjustable . $18



The Phonograph Attachment—a splendid speaker with any good phonograph. $10

The *Table-Talker*—it's adjustable. $10



The Brandes Cabinet of mahogany finished in walnut brown. The same unit as Type H Speaker. . $30

Prices slightly more west of the Rockies and in Canada.

Brandes

EXPERTS IN RADIO ACOUSTICS SINCE 1908

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John Bagley lived in a *pipe-smoking* age

THE age of the long clays . . . those golden days of marvelous and exquisite tobacco blends! But of all the incomparable blends this Virginia wizard of a bygone era perfected, none equalled his superblend—Buckingham. It was easily his masterpiece. Never did a pipe tobacco yield such a sweet and pleasant aroma. Like a scented breath off Dixie's fields on a June Day. Irresistible! Even the women folk loved its marvelous fragrance.

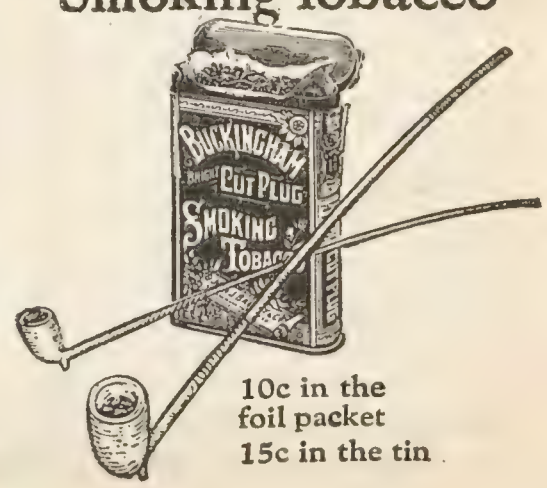
Gentlemen, that superblend survives. Step into your dealer's place . . . ask him for a tin of Buckingham. Experience the thrill of a sun embodied fragrance that mellowed men's lives in the grand old pipe-smoking age!

Tonight, a pipeful of Buckingham!

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
New York City

Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

Do Football Players Make Good?

How the Gridiron Heroes of Bygone Years Have Played the Game in Politics, the Professions, and Business

By Hugh Fullerton

Above, Tom Hammond as he appeared when playing for Michigan, and at the right, the well-known manufacturer, Mr. Hammond, of today.

© Drake Studio

© Henry Miller

Above, Vance McCormick as one of Yale's stars.

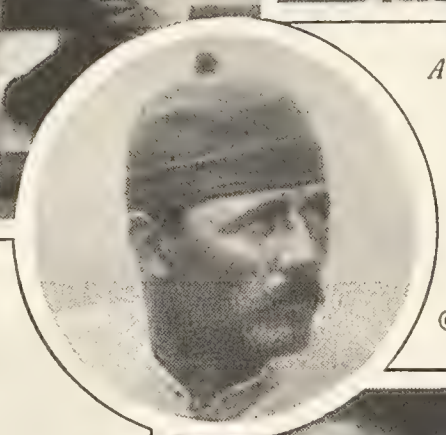
© Henry Miller

Above, the present-day Vance McCormick, newspaper publisher and prominent in politics.

Detroit News Photo

© Rentschler

Willie Heston, the University of Michigan's star player of twenty-odd years ago (above) is now Judge Heston (left) of Detroit, and a power in State affairs.



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In the circle above is the great Tufts linesman, Sargent, of forty-odd years ago. Below the circle we see him as John Garibaldi Sargent, the present Attorney General of the United States.

THERE is a general impression fostered by the jokesmiths and cultivated by those unfamiliar with modern athletics that college athletes, especially football players, are a set of physically endowed lunkheads. College professors who object to athletics have a habit of referring to "brawn over brains."

The idea that the great football player cannot creditably pass a mental examination is quite common; and that in spite of the fact that the percentage of gridiron letter men who win Phi Beta Kappa keys is larger than that of almost any group of similar size in the colleges. The only distinct group leading football players as scholars is that of the long distance runners.

Whether or not men who have been noted football players make good in after life, the general assumption has been in the negative. Opponents of football have given this impression, and no one has taken the trouble to investigate and learn what has become of the heroes who, years ago, crashed to victory or defeat, whose smashing runs and slashing tackles thrilled old-time crowds.

What has become of the football heroes, anyhow?

Let's go away back in football history. There was "Bucky" Irvine of Princeton, who, back in the eighties, kicked a goal that gave the Tigers a great victory and who, when he was graduated and studying for the ministry, took a team from a small seminary back to Nassau and defeated the Tigers. He is headmaster of Mercersburg Academy, in Pennsylvania, a leader in church and educational affairs.

There is Willie Heston. Many persons (surely all Michigan alumni) believe Heston was the greatest football player of all time. "Willie" is now Judge Heston of the Superior Court in Detroit, a man of importance in Michigan politics, as well as in civic life. His old rival, "Wally" Eckersall, is one of the best known sporting writers in the country; and one of his old teammates, the famous Tom Hammond, who was noted both at Hyde Park High School, Chicago, and at the University of Michigan, is a well-known manufacturer, with plants in and around Pittsburgh, and lives in Garden City, Long Island.

"Wally" Steffen, one of the great quarterbacks when at the University of Chicago, is, like Heston, on the bench. He has always been prominent in politics.

And do not forget John Garibaldi Sargent, Attorney General of the United States, who was one of the greatest linesmen Tufts ever produced.

One prominent Princeton psychologist assured me recently that, as a group, the football men rank lowest scholastically of any he has tested. Queer, isn't it, how so many of them make good bucking the line of life and business?

Possibly John R. McCarl, comptroller general of the United States, would have flunked such a test back in 1903 when he was at the University of Nebraska, playing football. He was then and still is a most powerful man and was a great football player—a host in himself.

Herbert L. Pratt, vice president of the Standard Oil Company of New York, a power in financial circles, might have failed in a psychological test, but he was a corking captain when he played football at Amherst, and is still quite an able-bodied citizen.

IT is strange that those professors who criticize athletes will lecture in the classroom on the fallacy of starting with a false hypothesis—and then, turning to football, will start with the assumption that the players are boneheads, entirely ignoring the fact that, unless a student is at least ten per cent better than the average of his class in studies, he is not permitted to play at all—in well-conducted schools.

The question of the value of football, however, depends upon whether or not participation in the game aids the student in after life. The majority of those who have played the game say football was one of their biggest assets at the start of their careers. More reliance is placed in them at first because, by their aggressiveness and self-control, football players are far ahead of others of the same age.

Not long ago a bunch of old players were talking of how football helped them get their start in life. Several related their experiences, when one man who had kept out of the discussion remarked:

"Well, football didn't help me any."

"How was that?" they asked in chorus.

"I'm the man who muffed the punt in the last minute of the Harvard game and let them score a touchdown," he said sadly. "No one ever boosted me; from that on I always was known as 'the man who dropped the punt.'"

The fact is that big concerns and big business men are looking for clean, aggressive

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

fellows, such as noted football players. Scholastic standing does not enter into the situation heavily. They have been advertised, their names establish an introduction, their athletic fame is an entree to many offices. They become accustomed to meeting persons, and many develop that ease of manner and poise so necessary in business success. The game makes them self-reliant.

This may be denied unless supported by facts. Unfortunately it is impossible to list all the football heroes of the past, but take the high spots, men whose names will be remembered forever in their schools, and by thousands outside the schools, and see what has become of them.

"Snake" Ames, one of the greatest of Princeton heroes, hailed as one of the best ends of all time, is owner of the *Journal of Commerce* in Chicago. He was president of the Booth Fisheries. Incidentally, he is a crackerjack golfer.

"Lon" Stagg, Yale's famous old football, baseball, and track star, went to the University of Chicago as a faculty member after he was ordained a minister. Turning back to sports, he became athletic director and a power in the school, and one of the greatest influences in America for clean athletics. He is a member of the faculty and sits in the university councils.

George Huff, famous at both Illinois and Dartmouth, is athletic director of the University of Illinois, a faculty member, and ranking dean of the College of Physical Education.

Foster Sanford, perhaps the greatest of Yale's early athletes, is an insurance man, wealthy, and resides in New Brunswick, New Jersey, where for many years he coached the Rutgers teams, refusing to accept a cent of recompense for his services.

Beloit's well-remembered "Bill" McMaster (above) now is United States Senator William McMaster of South Dakota (right).

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"Wild Bill" Donovan, once a Columbia star (above), now is an Assistant Attorney General of the United States (left).

The two "big" men of football are William H., better known as "Big Bill," Edwards, and Brinckerhoff Thorne, each of whom weighs enough to constitute almost an entire team in himself, counted by bulk. Edwards, the old Princeton hero, was Collector of Internal Revenue in New York for years, has held high offices, and until recently was head of the New York Police Academy. Thorne, who at Yale was Edwards' rival, and now is his rival as heavyweight football fan, is wealthy and prominent in New York City. Both are familiar figures in the Bowl and Palmer Stadium, attending every game.

"Shep" Homans, who played at Princeton when Ames was there, playing the other end, is a wealthy New York broker, lives in Englewood, New Jersey, is a great golfer, and has a son who is one of the younger golf champions of the country. He and his son have won the Pater-Filius championship twice. Jump to the West, where football is younger, and even more virile, and study the after careers of the old heroes: Lotus Coffman, who was a cracking player at the University of Indiana, and who was a coach for several years, is now president of the University of Minnesota.

Johnny Mohardt, who was one of the greatest running backs ever seen, and one of the best forward passers, was graduated from Notre Dame with the highest standing ever awarded in that university. He is practicing medicine at Gary, Indiana, and is getting rich.

You have heard of Lawrence Whiting of the University of Chicago. He attained prominence in social, financial, and educational circles in a short time after being one of the best

Copper Heat is Proper Heat

THE warmth that pours up through the **Saf-T Heater** into your Ford, making winter travel pleasant, is pure, heated outdoor air, uncontaminated by poisonous gases from exhaust manifold or engine.

—For the **Saf-T Heater** absorbs its heat **through the walls** of the exhaust pipe, and cannot come in contact with the poisonous fumes within.

Its heating battery, thirty copper discs, clamped to the exhaust pipe, is protected from outer cold by a metal shell. Incoming air, instantly heating, floods your car with pure, uncontaminated warmth.

More than 2½ sq. ft. of heating surface. Large nickeled register plate, foot regulated. Easily installed. No pipe cutting, no tampering with exhaust manifold. Adequate and satisfactory even on the coldest days.

Fits Both Old and New Ford Models

MARK ANTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY - - BELLEVILLE, NEW JERSEY

SAF-T-HEATER

NOT A MANIFOLD HEATER

Regulation at West Point for fifteen years - - Hays "Superseam" Gloves

The Daniel Hays Company

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK

GLOVES SINCE 1854

football players in the West. Representative Royal C. Johnson, from South Dakota, and one of the authors of the Reid-Johnson bill, played football for both Yankton University and the University of South Dakota, and was considered one of the best tacklers in the country.

Perhaps you have forgotten "Bill" McMaster, but those who went to Beloit in the nineties when Beloit was one of the dangerous small teams, never will. He was a smashing, line-plunging player. "Bill" is now United States Senator William McMaster of South Dakota, elected to the Senate after serving as Governor of the State and having gained considerable fame by lowering gasoline prices in the Northwest.

And speaking of Senators, there is Charlie Rawson of Grinnell, a fast, hard-running back while at college. He succeeded Senator Kenyon as Senator from Iowa and is chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, still smashing the line and claiming football training was one of his biggest assets.

Talman Pendleton, the old Princeton hero, is said to have become a multimillionaire in oil. "Dick" Ellis, hero of one of the earlier teams of Ohio State, is now Colonel Richard Ten Broeck Ellis of the United States Army, and after years of service in coast artillery, is in the War Department at Washington. "Joe" Walsh of the same Ohio team has been for years prominent in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He played at Cornell after leaving Ohio and was reckoned one of the great tackles of the game.

IN Boston at least three of the big banks and brokerage houses always are on the lookout for football men and other athletes. There are two big brokerage houses in the State Street district practically composed of ex-Harvard stars. There you will find "Bob" Fisher, Harvard coach, and for years the late Percy Haughton coached financiers as well as football players.

Two who were great stars and chums when at Harvard are bucking the financial line, and both are wealthy and prominent—and still vitally interested in athletics. These are "Tack" Hardwick and "Sam" Felton. Truxton Hare, who was one of Pennsylvania's greatest football guards, is now a prominent and successful lawyer, and says football aided him greatly in his profession.

"Wild Bill" Donovan, now Assistant Attorney General of the United States and who, as colonel of the old Sixty-ninth New York regiment, won renown and was honored with all the medals there were, was a rip-snorting quarterback when he played at Columbia. Dave Fultz, a star at both football and baseball at Brown, is a well-known New York lawyer and has held a number of prominent positions. Fred ("Looie") Lowenthal of Illinois, one of the best guards and centers the West ever knew, is a prominent lawyer in Chicago. Jack Owsley of Yale, successful in business, at last succumbed to the lure of the game and is coaching the Navy as a side line. Burr Chamberlain, Owsley's old side partner on the line, coaches at Yale and is head of a manufacturing company. Fred Hayner, who stunned the West once by bringing a team from little Lake Forest and whipping the University of Chicago, was sporting editor in Chicago for years and is a writer.

TAD and Howard Jones, wealthy men and successful in business, have returned to coaching. Tad, at big financial sacrifice, returned to Yale to pull the Bulldog from underneath the Big Three heap. Howard, after big success at Iowa, is now with the University of Southern California.

Paul Dashiell of Lehigh achieved high fame in exploration and adventure. Vance McCormick, a whale of a football player at Yale, was chairman of the Democratic National Committee, candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, chairman of the War Board of Trade, member of the American Peace Commission, and is a trustee of Yale. Besides which he is a newspaper publisher at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

L. A. Downs, the great end when he was with Purdue, is president of the Central of Georgia Railroad. "Bill" Bremner of the Iowa team is head of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad.

Some critics who think football players are Dumb Dans might get an argument if they went to the man who is head of the educational system of America. Dr. John James Tigert, Commissioner of Education of the United States, was considered one of the greatest football players Vanderbilt ever had. After graduation he was a football coach, and when at Oxford he tried to teach the English how the game should be played.

Speaking of Vanderbilt, "Vin" Campbell, "The Demon," whose line smashing won Vanderbilt fame and who once swept Yost's great Michigan team aside for defeat, is wealthy and successful in St. Louis. He played professional baseball a few years, settled down to law, and established an enviable reputation.

One cannot trace all the football warriors. These are a few of the old heroes I have managed to keep some record of. But they appear to be in sufficient strength to show that football players do fairly well, start quickly, follow the ball, hit the line hard—and usually win.

THE END

$1000.00 in cash awards

For the Most Interesting Letters from users on "How Luden's Menthol Cough Drops Made My Breathing Easier"

If you have used Luden's Menthol Cough Drops in the past, you know what *quick relief* they give in irritations of the nose or throat from coughs, colds, catarrh, hay fever, or other causes. Millions of packages are also used annually to make breathing easier in stuffy stores and offices, dust-laden factories and workrooms, crowded street cars, subways, trains, theatres, movies.

The makers of Luden's would like to know

What Has Been Your Experience in the Past with Luden's?

How Have They Helped You?

Think of an unusual case where Luden's helped you. Make your letter as specific as you possibly can. But remember it is not fine writing that we are looking for. It is interesting situations—difficult cases. And make sure your letter is not longer than 150 words.

Letters must reach us postmarked not later than December 31, 1925. Announcement of the winners will be made in this publication as soon as possible thereafter. All letters will be carefully considered by competent, disinterested judges, who are not connected with the Luden organization.

Decision of the judges will be final. Checks will be mailed to the winners. Only one cash award to an individual. Luden employes will not be eligible.

You Can Win as Quickly as the Next One

Read These Details Carefully

For the best letters of not over 150 words telling of interesting situations and cases where Luden's have brought welcome and convenient relief by stopping a cough, throat tickle, sniffle, or irritation of the nose or throat, $1000.00 in cash awards will be paid.

$200.00 for the letter telling of the most interesting and unusual case.

$100.00 for the second best letter.

$50.00 for the third best letter.

$25.00 for the fourth best letter.

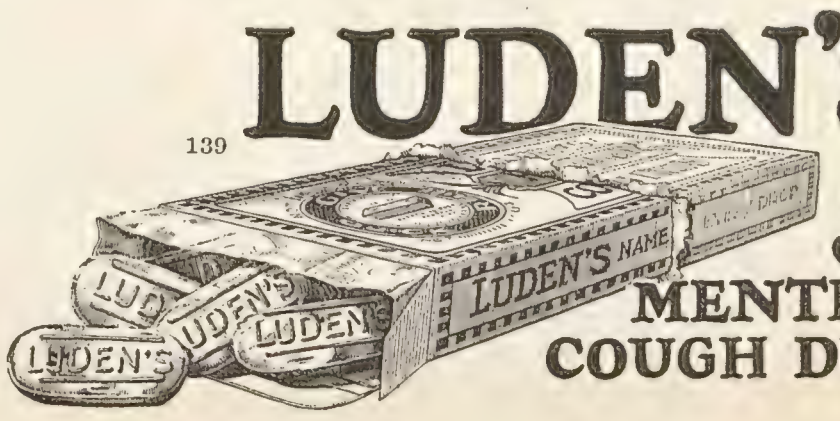
$10.00 each for the next thirty letters.

$5.00 each for the following sixty-five letters.

99 Prizes in All

FREE: Any person who wants to compete and who has not tried Luden's Menthol Cough Drops may get a sample package free by writing direct to the factory in Reading, Pa.

Address: Award Editor, Wm. H. Luden, Inc., Reading, Pa.



LUDEN'S 5¢ MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

139

Where Is the Radio Going?

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

Some Inside Facts About the Broadcasters —What They Plan to Do, and How They Hope to Make Their Activities Pay

Photo Topics Photo

John A. Holman, broadcasting manager at Station WEAF, New York, who says that public taste proved much "higher browed" than the first broadcasters thought it would.

A typical broadcasting room at WLIB, the Liberty Station, Chicago. Note the microphone in the background, and the announcer's desk against the right wall.

FROM the amazing mass of letters which pour in upon the managers of the broadcasting stations, the leaders of the new air industry claim they have discovered two things: first, that the taste of the people in music is much higher than was believed, and, second, that the radio is going to be the greatest of all forces in the improvement of the general public's taste in music, art, and literature.

They claim that the letters from listeners prove this. Take WEAF, New York (American Telephone and Telegraph Company). That station alone, which received fewer than twelve thousand letters a month in 1923, got more than fifty-four thousand in January, 1925, and the rate is increasing with each month. An office force of twenty girls, opening letters and sorting them, helps in classification, while the experts, under the direction of John A. Holman, broadcasting manager, analyze the requests and see that the public gets what it asks for. Says Mr. Holman:

"The entire trend indicated by the communications from the radio audiences is that the public wants better things. We're now putting on stuff we wouldn't have dared take a chance on two years ago. For example, we broadcast a lecture on music by Walter Damrosch recently, from Carnegie Hall. He illustrated the points he made with piano selections. You may think that sounds highbrow, but the public liked that lecture. People wrote in to tell us they did.

© U. & U.

"Getting it on the air"—John McCormack at the microphone.

"All our analysis of correspondence received at this station is in the nature of the testing of an experiment. Radio broadcasting is, in fact, one of the big experiments of the age. We knew nothing of what our public wanted to hear over the air. At first we had to guess, and we didn't always guess right. Then the letters began to pour in and to ask for certain things. Through these letters jazz suffered a setback. Symphonies, big soloists, old-fashioned songs, and good talks all proved favorite features."

Radio announcing is an art in itself. The announcers who met the "Mike test" victoriously immediately became well known. "Roxy," for instance, with his intimate, often almost emotional talks in introducing his "gang," became a favorite in a moment. Perhaps, however, the best known of all is Graham McNamee. He has had the biggest opportunities, worked on the biggest events and stations, and has trained his voice so he can adapt it sympathetically to almost any occasion, from a prize fight or a football game to a sermon or a wedding. At a meeting of the "radio voice technique committee" of New York University—a new departure in the critical field—McNamee was chosen as the best all-around local announcer.

To entertain is not the only function of radio. Right ahead of us, radio is looming up as an educational force of tremendous possibilities, for both adult and schoolroom instruction. New York University, with the co-operation of station WJZ, was the first "air college"; it broadcast a schedule of twenty-minute lectures on weekday evenings. Washington State College, at Pullman, has been putting its extension courses on the ether, from its own station, KFAE, and the same thing is being done by other colleges.

Experiments in the classroom instruction of children by radio are said to have opened wide windows on a new prospect. The youngsters concentrate readily on this ether education, learn quickly, and show an intense interest. Music, geography, history, arithmetic, penmanship, and physical culture were the subjects taught in the experiments.

So the coming generation may receive part of its brain training via the air, just as many of us now get physical training by twisting ourselves into contortions, graceful or otherwise, depending on our figures, in the 6:45 A. M. radio setting-up exercises.

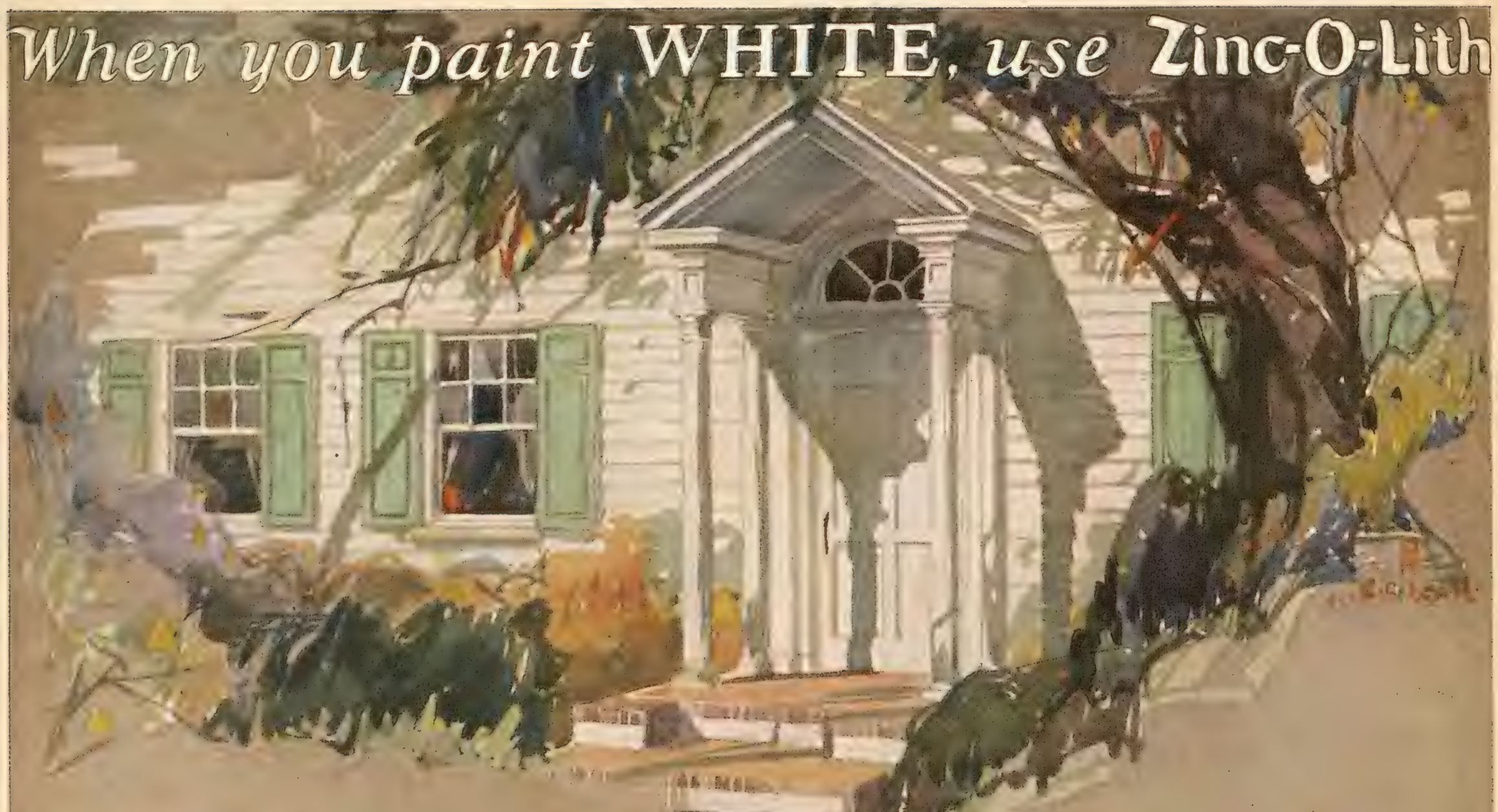
The religious possibilities of the new industry are striking. The small-town church may listen in on the most celebrated pulpit orator. Already struggling little places of worship have taken new hope, like the tiny church in a sparsely settled district in Maine, which wrote:

"Many of our people moved away—so many we could not afford a preacher. The church was closed except once every two months, when we had a visiting elder to preach. Now we have put in a radio set with a loud speaker, and hold services every Sunday, with the best music and the best preachers in the country."

It remained, however, for England to discover a new practical use, which contains a hint to American housewives who have trouble with the servant problem.

The hint is contained in this cable message: "Sevenoaks, Kent, England.—A resident of Sevenoaks advertised in a local

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]



WHITE—*the Perfect Playground for Sunshine and Shadow*

Always white—but never the same—borrowing beauty from its surroundings, yet contributing a charm that's all its own.

Here brilliant and sparkling with touches of gold and yellow, there cool and crisp in masses of bluish purples and dotted with dancing spots of colorful green and gray—white!—the perfect playground for sunshine and shadow.

Such is the beauty that tells you why so many homes always are and always will be painted white. And why every "white house" you see makes you the more determined to paint in the same satisfying way.

So, first you choose white. Then the more you know about Zinc-O-Lith—how easily your painter can apply it, how it covers more and covers better, how long it retains its rich gloss and *stays* white, how long it lasts and *how little it costs*—the more *sure* you will be that it's the paint you'll use.

When your painting times come, there's a Zinc-O-Lith dealer who will gladly tell you about paints and painters.

The GLIDDEN *Companies*

PAINTS—VARNISHES—LACQUERS—ENAMELS

The Glidden Company
Cleveland

Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company
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Adams & Elting Company
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Campbell Paint & Varnish Company
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T. L. Blood & Company
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The American Paint Works
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The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.
Cleveland

The A. Wilhelm Company
Reading

Nubian Paint & Varnish Company
Chicago

In Canada:
The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Ask your dealer about Lacq—the household finish that dries in less than one-half hour. It's the latest achievement of our Research Laboratories.

Adrian D. Joyce
President

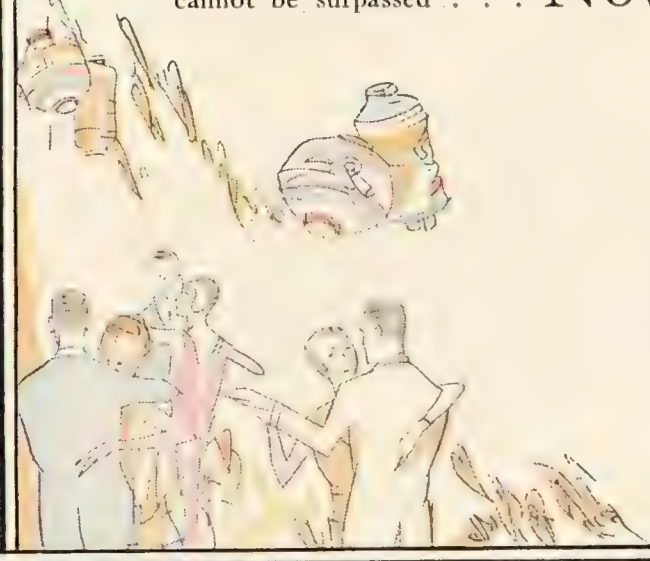
Zinc-O-Lith
PURE WHITE

Zinc-O-Lith—*the paint that's* ALL *paint*

How Are You

Crosley Super-Tirdyn Regular

Incorporating the famous Tirdyn hook-up, this set brings in stations sharp, clear, and mellow on the Musicone. The cabinet is of oil rubbed solid mahogany, exquisitely simple in design and beautifully finished. For sheer performance under all conditions the Super-Tirdyn cannot be surpassed . . . Now $45



Crosley manufactures receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. patent No. 1,113,149 and priced from $9.75 to $60.00 without accessories. Add 10% to all prices west of the Rocky Mountains.

Crosley 2-Tube 51 Regular

Probably the most popular radio on the market if the number of sets sold is an indication.

This efficient little set uses any make of tubes.

The cabinet is compact and protects all tubes and delicate parts completely.

If the Crosley 51 is located in the central states, stations from all over the country should be easily heard. Nearby stations on the loud speaker. The Crosley 51 at new low price . Now $14.75

CROSLEY

BETTER ~ COSTS LESS

Going to Fill *the entertainment corner?*

THERE'S a corner somewhere in your home that is waiting to be changed by the magic touch of radio. A chair fills it now; or perhaps a table with its row of books.

Move those volumes back a few inches to make room for the Crosley Super-Trirdyn. Then attach the Crosley Musicone, make a few simple adjustments of the dials . . . and yours is one of the millions of homes with an *entertainment corner!*

While you are selecting the radio for your *entertainment corner*, choose with care. From *Etude*, the authoritative music magazine, comes this editorial warning: "Do not be tricked into buying bargain sets made by unknown, irresponsible manufacturers."

You want to buy with confidence—with the assurance that your set incorporates the most modern radio developments; that it has been properly designed and carefully built so as to remain a source of permanent pleasure; that its price is commensurate with its quality.

Be guided by the satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of Crosley owners. Visit the Crosley dealer when you buy for your *entertainment corner*. He will show you the complete line of Crosleys, ranging in price from $9.75 to $60—all reflecting the principles of design, workmanship and pricing that have given Crosley a high place among the leading radio manufacturers.

Whether you choose the one-tube Crosley Pup at $9.75 or the most luxurious and efficient of all Crosley models, you can count on enjoying the flawless reception that you have a right to expect in your *entertainment corner*.

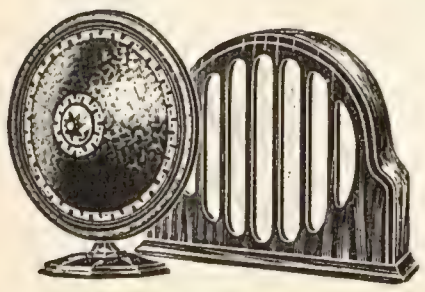
Crosley sets are easy to operate because the simplicity of Crosley design assures quick, sharp, clear tuning-in of stations and flawless tonal qualities. They represent consistently higher values because Crosley prices reflect the economies of Crosley volume production in a group of large, efficiently organized factories. Their cabinets are especially attractive, being designed exclusively for Crosley sets in the Crosley cabinet woodworking plant.

On the opposite page are illustrated two Crosley sets enjoying wide popularity. Alike in quality, they differ only in size and in the volume with which the incoming programs from distant stations are reproduced.

Which you prefer depends on you — and how much you choose to invest when filling the *entertainment corner!* See the complete Crosley line at your Crosley dealer's or write Department 76 for an illustrated catalog.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO

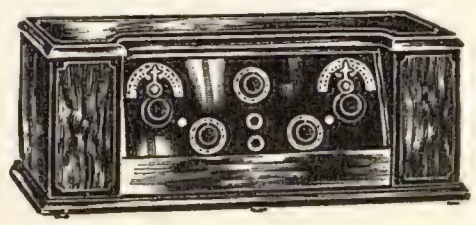
Owning and operating WLW, first remote control super-power broadcasting station



Crosley Musicone and Crosley Musicone De Luxe

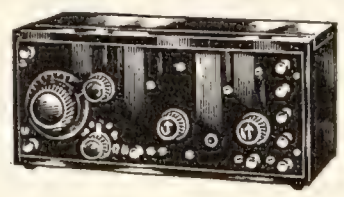
The Musicone reproduces the full tonal range of the human voice and music without distortion. The Musicone is now sold at the new low price - $14.75

The Musicone De Luxe with clock case - - $27.50



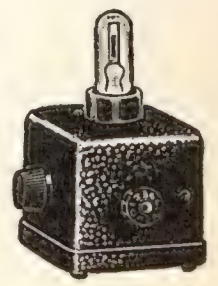
Crosley Super-Trirdyn Special

Matchless performance and exquisite beauty combined. Solid mahogany cabinet with popular sloping panel - - - - - - $60.00



Crosley 3-Tube 52 Regular

For a less expensive 3-tube set the Crosley 52 Regular cannot be surpassed at the new low price. Now - $25.00

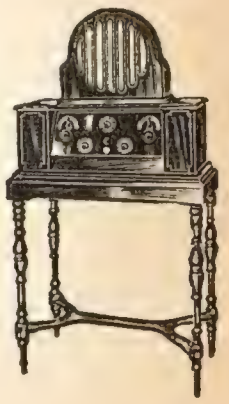


Crosley Pup

A genuine long range Crosley receiving set. Easy to tune through local stations - - - $9.75

RADIO

for the entertainment corner



Crosley De Luxe Combination

Musicone De Luxe $27.50
Super-Trirdyn Special 60.00
Console Table - 25.00
Complete - - 112.50

The World is forever at work ~ ~ White Trucks are with the workers

WHILE this side of the globe sleeps, laboring Chinese toil with cable, pole and conduit to modernize old Pekin with telephone and street car . . . White Trucks are toiling with them.

Off towards the farther pole, on the South African Rand, miners wrest mineral wealth from earth; empire builders push their habitations farther and farther out over the veldt . . . White Trucks are with them—working, building.

American enterprise decides to hew a modern city out of the forest on the Columbia River. By the magic only workers know, Longview, Washington, springs into being . . . a White fleet labors with the magicians.

Charity stretches her long, benevolent arm over the steppes of the Caucasus. . . . White Trucks carry the succor for the starving Russians.

Above the clouds in New Mexico, gold miners unload supplies and mine props from White Trucks at the shaft of Old Baldy Mine.

In India's "sunny clime," the White winch truck labors alongside its forerunner, the sinewy trunk of the elephant. Whites with mail are scaling the slopes of the Andes in Chile and Peru; Whites are flushing the streets of Rio de Janeiro, building roads in Labrador, laboring in the muck of Cuban sugar plantations, freighting through Norwegian winters, rebuilding the quake-wrecked cities of Japan.

And the millions of workers themselves must have transportation—swift, safe and comfortable. Hand in hand with the steam and electric railways, White Busses carry their human loads. For White Busses are workers, too.

Not so spectacular, because you see them every day, workers are doing big things of the world right here at home—building cities, feeding them, fueling them, linking them together with wires and roads. Around the clock, from the poles to the tropics, throughout the seasons and the years, the world is forever working, toiling, building . . . White Trucks, everywhere, are with the workers.

White Trucks and Busses *are* workers—demanding low pay, taking working conditions as they find them, seldom laying off, outlasting the job.

White Trucks and White Busses will work for you. They will make money for you. There is a White Bus or a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Terms may be arranged. Truck Chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Model 50A Bus Chassis, $4,950; f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

newspaper: 'Wireless in maid's room.' The idea was successful."

Who pays for the radio?

This brings us to the commercial aspect of the problem, which is even more experimental than the making of programs. If radiocasting is to develop into a profitable industry, the publicity seeker, of course, must be made to bear the freight: the advertiser who wants to reach patrons with a message and is willing to pay for reaching them. Broadcasting, therefore, becomes complicated with advertising problems.

The value of radio as a means of advertising is debated. Those best informed believe its function is to supplement magazine and newspaper advertising and not to replace them. In other words, they concede that you can't force buyers to listen. When attempts are made to reach them through the air with detailed descriptions of commodities, the listeners tune out and get an orchestra or an entertainer who is not trying to sell them something.

Advertisers, however, are confident that radio has a field in supplementing printed advertising. They have taken to what they call "good-will publicity." That is, they are making their names and their products nationally known through becoming public entertainers.

BY a mention of the name of the manufacturer or merchandiser at the beginning and end, say, of a musical selection or humorous talk, the public is to be put in a favorable mood as regards a given commodity and the printed advertisements of that commodity. In other words, we have the manufacturers turning pleasure providers, and, by furnishing us with entertainment, gaining our good will.

The stations conducted by radio manufacturers have, of course, a more direct motive in providing the public with amusement and instruction. Many persons believe that, from the way things are moving now, all the stations may soon be divided into three categories: those financed by toll broadcasters (through which good-will publicity is sought), those paid for by radio manufacturers, and those conducted by educational or religious institutions.

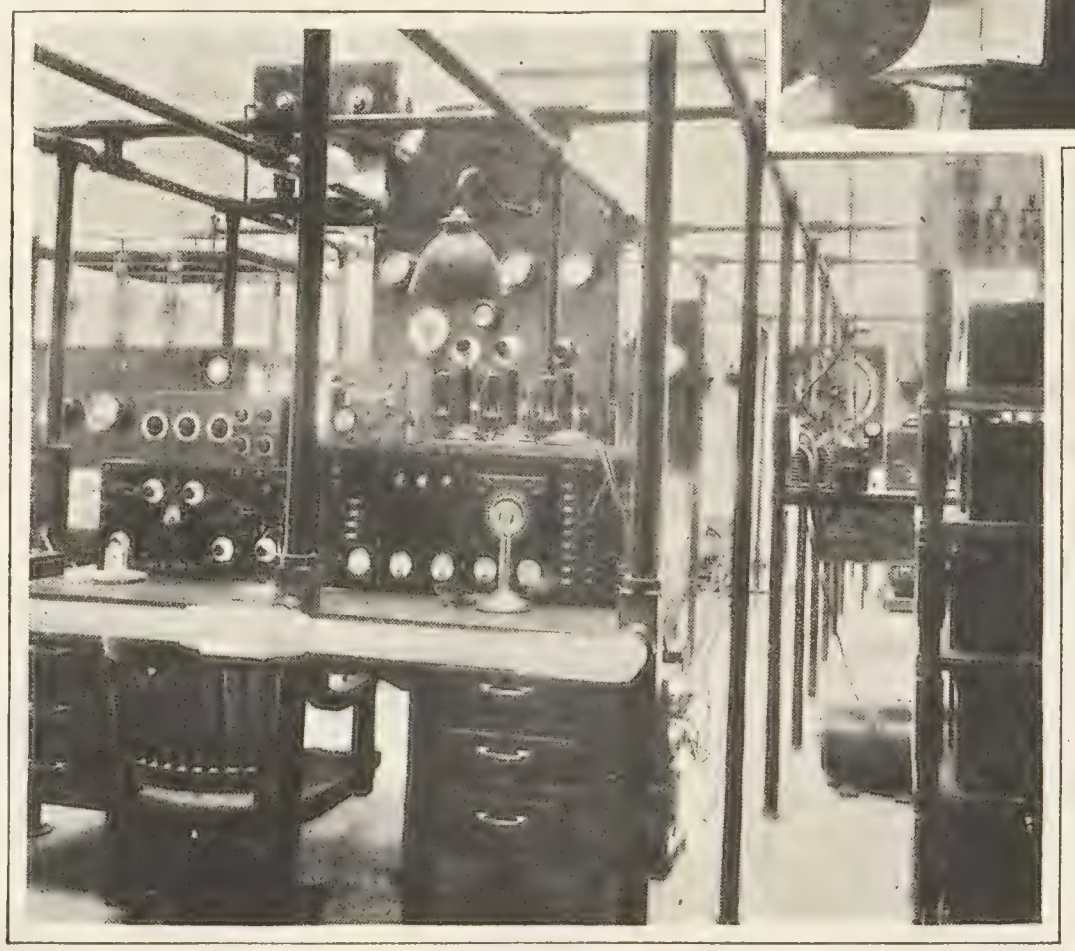
In toll broadcasting, good-will publicity is the income producer, although, at the present time, the income is far below the expenses. The big broadcasting companies frankly do not know what the future holds. If the investors in good-will publicity pay enough, or enough of them pay, the industry will continue. If not, no one knows!

There are two ways for men seeking good-will publicity to reach the public. They can build a broadcasting station and use it to send their own programs over the air—here and there such plants are springing up—or they can rent the equipment of established stations. The cost of building and launching a big plant is, conservatively, about $400,000. You can rent the air for from $300 an hour up, according to the territory you want to cover. The expense and difficulty of securing good programs must be added to the initial cost.

It was inevitable that the growth of the infant prodigy industry should hurt certain businesses. Song writing has been hard hit, and many composers forced into other lines. This is not true, however, of those song writers who have the ability to sing via the radio.

Since the expansion of radio broadcasting in the last three years more than twelve hundred sending stations have been licensed by the government. Six hundred and forty-six of them have been discontinued. Those which ceased operations did so, for the most part, because of the great expense and failure to secure proper entertainers. There were five hundred and sixty-six stations in the United States and its possessions in May, 1925.

Quin Ryan (left), announcer of WGN, Chicago, telling his invisible audience about the last Indianapolis motor race as the cars sweep about the oval before him.



Part of the equipment in a modern broadcasting station, photographed in the transmitting room of WGN, Chicago. In the foreground is the operator's desk, where the power, uniformity and length of the outgoing waves are regulated.

Anybody with the necessary funds can start a sending station upon the granting of a license by the Department of Commerce. But, besides the difficulties of getting adequate programs, the increasing conflict in wavelengths of the various stations must be taken into account—a tangle which the Department is trying to solve. Those who claim to be "in the know" say that, instead of an era of stabilization setting in soon and ending this conflict, conditions will be worse before they begin to get better.

When the American Telephone and Telegraph Company went into broadcasting it was an experiment. Those in charge decided they would run part "editorial" and part advertising matter, as any newspaper or magazine does. They call them "sustaining" and publicity numbers. The sustaining numbers are the editorial matter, corresponding to short stories, articles and news, and are supplied by the broadcasting company, while the advertising numbers are provided by the good-will publicity buyers. At the very start the big stations set a standard of taste and dependability in the good-will matter broadcast, as a reputable magazine or newspaper does, and required the patrons to maintain that standard.

It's a ticklish question just how much direct advertising a radio program can carry without the publicity element outweighing the entertainment. At stations where short advertising talks are interspersed between musical numbers, a censor is supposed to go over the talk and tone down the intensity of its selling appeal, but there are sometimes complaints that this toning down has not been thorough enough. It is claimed that in such cases of misuse of the air there is a falling off of "applause letters."

THOSE who have the interests of radio at heart are agreed that the greatest present menace to the industry is its potentially unwise use in advertising.

With direct advertising frowned upon, the problem of making broadcasting pay for itself is a difficult one. Most European countries have tried to solve the problem by making laws requiring owners of receiving sets to apply for licenses and pay taxes. This attempt to collect directly from individuals has proved far from successful. Largely as a result of it, foreign countries are far behind the United States, both in the number of instruments manufactured and the number of listeners. And we have ten times as many broadcasting stations as all Europe.

Further, these laws have met with constant evasion. Germany and Italy especially—though Germany has reduced its tax to fifty cents a month—are overrun with bootleg listeners, tuning in without paying.

Making radio pay seems to be up to advertisers and good-will seekers, rather than the owners of receiving sets. Our government receives its revenue from the radio industry through the income tax paid by radio manufacturers. Therefore, the better the industry fares, the more the government receives. This state of things has fostered the present tremendous development and proved far better than the European method of trying to make the listener pay as well as the manufacturer.

The infant industry has captured the public imagination as no other recent invention. It may be groping, but it is a groping giant. Its future is hidden, but this much is clear: it is and will be, increasingly, one of the great forces drawing the nation together. When millions laugh together, listen to the same lectures, the same sermons, the same political speeches, they are led to think and feel alike, in an ever widening mutual sympathy.

THE END

The Most Interesting Autobiography of the Year

MELODIES *and* MEMORIES

The Story of a Golden Voice and a Glorious Past

By MELBA

IN FIFTEEN PARTS—PART FOUR

Spencer Stier Photo

Madame Melba as she appears today.

IN preceding installments Madame Melba told of her early efforts to obtain a teacher and how nobody in London was interested in her; how Madame Marchesi, the famous Paris teacher, took her and in less than a year enabled her to make a triumphant debut in Brussels; how she won acclaim in Paris and London; and how she made friends with Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and social leaders in the extravagant, glittering whirl which constituted life in London at the end of the Nineteenth Century.

PARIS now became for me my chief place of residence. I had been so much of a wanderer in the last two years that I was indeed happy to have a spot that I could call home, and friends who would be more than mere acquaintances.

Many faces drift before me as I write of those friends, some who have long ago vanished, others who are still alive. Perhaps the most typical of all the delightful figures of that epoch in Paris was the Prince de Sagan. He was one's *beau idéal* of a gallant of Paris, with his exquisite clothes, his perpetually fresh buttonhole bouquet, his perfectly waxed mustache. What a grace there was about him and his kind! Many is the morning that I remember opening the boxes of orchids which he sent me, and then setting off with him to drive in the Bois.

One met everybody who was at all prominent in social or artistic Paris in the Prince's lovely apartment in the Place de la Concorde. Mme. Alfonse de Rothschild, Messonier, Boni de Castellane (then a young man with no designs on American millionairesses), Madelaine le Mer, Mme. la Baronne de St. Didier, and many others.

And, of course, Herman Bemberg. I could write pages about *him*. I had often heard Jean de Reszke speak of this brilliant young man, who was one of the most amusing figures in the society of Paris, which is amused by brains rather than by birth. And although in both these qualities Bemberg was irreproachable, it was, I must confess, his brains that most appealed to my democratic Australian character, and more than anything his bubbling, irresistible sense of humor. He treated life as an immense fantastic joke. He was like some faun dancing mischievously down the Champs Elysees, piping cheerfully to those who would follow his folly. And I was perfectly prepared to follow it.

From A. Genova, Venice, by Alinari & Anderson, Venice.

The Grand Canal of Venice, where Melba gave the impromptu concert she describes in this installment. The church in the left background is the famous Santa Maria della Salute.

The very method in which he introduced himself to me was characteristic of him. I was sitting in my little salon in the Avenue Victor Hugo when very slowly and softly the door opened. I could not imagine what it was, and I was just going to shut it when through the crack there was pushed a magnificent bouquet of orchids.

This was decidedly intriguing.

"Who are you?" I cried.

The door opened and I saw a very handsome young man, who advanced toward me, precipitated himself on his knees and said, "Only Bemberg."

I started to laugh. It was then noon, and I went on laughing the whole afternoon and most of the evening until midnight. That was the effect that Bemberg had on me!

If Bemberg had not been a rich man he would have made an imperishable name for himself, either as a composer or as a clown.

Bemberg was utterly irrepressible. During the rehearsals at Covent Garden of his beautiful opera Elaine, in which I played

Melba as Mimi in La Boheme, the role she was singing when, as she relates this week, Tosti's antics in the audience almost broke up the show.

the leading role, I saw so much of him that he began to regard my dressing room as his cloak room, and developed the habit of leaving his coat and his hat, and any other of his miscellaneous belongings, in my room during the performance.

There is never much room in a dressing room, even for one's own clothes, and I found this habit somewhat inconvenient. And so, on the second night of the opera, when I came down after the first act and discovered, as usual, Bemberg's hat, coat, and umbrella calmly usurping the only chair in the room, I decided that I would teach him a lesson.

I cut his hat almost completely round the brim, covered the inside of it with black grease paint, cut his umbrella so that it would fall to pieces when it was opened, and put two eggs in his overcoat pocket.

AT the end of the third act Bemberg rushed round for his hat and other belongings, telling me that he had to hurry to Lady de Grey's box, where there was a particularly august assembly of persons waiting for him.

"*Eh bien!*" I said. "I hope you enjoy yourself."

I do not know whether Bemberg did enjoy himself, but Lady de Grey told me afterwards that he arrived in her box with a face like a colored man, and that when he took off his hat it fell to pieces at her feet. Nobody enjoyed my little prank more than did Bemberg himself.

Those days were among the happiest that I ever spent; certainly they were among the most inconsequent.

Of all the mad days I have ever known, that first April Fools' Day in Paris was the maddest, and it was all the fault of Le Comte Charles de Mornay, a scion of one of the oldest families in France.

When I woke up in the morning my maid brought in a tray bearing at least twenty letters. The letters were in Russian, in Spanish, in German, in English—in fact, in every language I had ever heard of, even Chinese—and bore the most elaborate coronets, the most ridiculous crests—and occasionally they were written on the cheapest note paper. All these letters were proposals of marriage from various legendary noblemen, including Le Comte Charles himself.

In the afternoon I went out for a drive, and when I returned I saw a huge box reposing in my bedroom. I had rather forgotten the episode of the morning, and it had not occurred to me that this would be another practical joke. Impatiently I opened it, and as I did so there was a piercing noise from inside the box, and one of the largest turkeys I had ever seen pushed out its head and pecked at me. I had hardly recovered from this shock when another box arrived.

As I was about to open this box the Baron de Saint Imand was announced. He bowed low and advanced with a charming smile across the room. I thought that possibly he would be a useful person to open the box, and as the baron was an exceedingly gallant man, he said he would be delighted. After a great deal of breathlessness and energy the lid was opened, and out jumped a large rabbit, and settled on the top, regarding the baron with quivering nostrils. The baron was horrified.

I tried to explain to him that it was only a practical joke, but he would not listen to reason and vanished in a cloud of indignation.

The day was not over yet, for the two chief conspirators were coming to dine with me that night; that is to say, Le Comte Charles de Mornay and Herman Bemberg themselves. I wondered if possibly some new trick would be played upon me, but I determined to say nothing to them about having noticed anything unusual in the day's proceedings. As soon as we had settled down to dine a servant entered and said to me:

"I regret, Madame, that I have no more room to place the cakes, nor have I any more money to pay for them—and every minute they still arrive."

I treated this as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Put them anywhere," I said. "On the floor, in the cupboard, and do not bother about paying for them."

A few minutes later he came in again.

"The cakes, Madame," he said. "They still arrive. There is no more room on the floor. They are piled up almost to the ceiling. What shall I do?"

I was intensely intrigued, and was longing to see what had happened, but I was determined that Le Comte Charles and Herman Bemberg should not see me betray the slightest interest. So I turned to the servant and said:

"Give them to the *concièrge*, and when he has had enough, give them to another *concièrge*. There are plenty of *concièrges* in Paris."

Well, that finished the dinner; but the evening was not yet over. We were going to the theater, and as soon as we arrived in our box I was greeted by the usher, who was almost in tears.

"If Madame insists on having more cases of oranges in the *loge*," she said, "she will not have anywhere to sit down. *Voyons!*"—and she turned with a tragic gesture and indicated what she meant. The whole of the *loge* was packed with oranges. They were ranged all along the side and down the steps. But I took absolutely no notice, and not for one moment did I betray any surprise.

The next day I received payment for the cakes. It was not a check; it was not even a money order. It was a huge, sticky mass of one-centime stamps, so large that I could almost have papered my bathroom with it.

THE year went by, and on the next April Fools' Day I determined that I would have my revenge. As you may be aware, it was the custom in Paris, where baths are not such common luxuries as in England or America, for those in need of a bath to hire it. Many is the time I have smiled to myself at the sight of some picturesque old man solemnly trundling a tin bath through the streets of Paris, or precariously borne on a little hand barrow. Here, I thought, was my revenge on Bemberg.

So I ordered him to be sent these baths once every quarter of an hour, starting at eight o'clock in the morning and going on till midday. The fact that he was an exceedingly *chic* young man, whose toilette was regarded by the gilded youth of Paris with an emotion of veneration, only lent color to the joke.

But I was not going to let him off as easily as all that. I therefore arranged that at midday a professor of memory training, whom I took care should be a gentleman of exceedingly shabby appearance and exceedingly determined disposition, should call upon him. The profes-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Caruso as Rudolpho in La Boheme, one of the roles which he sang opposite Melba.

Lady Churchill, through whom Melba met Tosti.

© Mishkin

Mendelssohn Photo

F. Paolo Tosti, famous composer of Good-bye, and one of Melba's many fun-making friends.

FREE
10-Day Tube
Note Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Dazzling White Teeth

Here is the quick, *new* way dentists are widely urging

Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish, and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.

THIS offers you a simple, scientific test—one judged *the most remarkable of all dental tests.*

It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

Simply send the coupon. Don't think your teeth are naturally "off color" or dull. This will prove *they are not.*

Film—the enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film . . . a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off color" look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

* * *

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—the firmness of your gums—will amaze you.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 992, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family 1875

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

sor arrived, and demanded that he should teach Bemberg the first lesson without delay. Bemberg swore that he had never sent for him. The professor expostulated.

What! Monsieur Bemberg had even forgotten that he had sent for the professor? That only showed how much he needed him.

Bemberg repeated with emphasis that he had not sent for him. The professor continued to insist.

How he got rid of him eventually I do not know; but soon after lunch he arrived at my flat, almost in tears. He said that his clothes were ruined, that the professor was an idiot, that he had been put to a great expense, that he was absolutely disgusted.

"Well, Bemberg," I said, "it is your fault. You began it. I didn't."

II.

IT was not till the autumn of 1892, when I made my debut in Aida at Covent Garden, that I first really got to know Tosti. It was at Lady Randolph Churchill's that we first met, and we had not been acquainted five minutes before we both became very excited on the subject of music.

Tosti was a little man with a great personality, full of funny stories, some of them somewhat too *risqué* for publication. He, too, had an abounding sense of humor. He was always one of my first visitors when I got back to London from abroad; and so when on one occasion I returned and days went by without a visit from Tosti, I wondered what had happened to him, and thought I would go round and see what was the matter.

I went. I arrived at his house, and was greeted by Berthe, his wife, who seemed in a state of great agitation.

"Where is Tosti?" I said. "Why has he not been to see me?"

"My dear," she said, "it's frightful! Tosti has lost his teeth. He wishes to see nobody at all."

"Teeth or no teeth," I said, "I am going to see my Tosti. Where is he?"

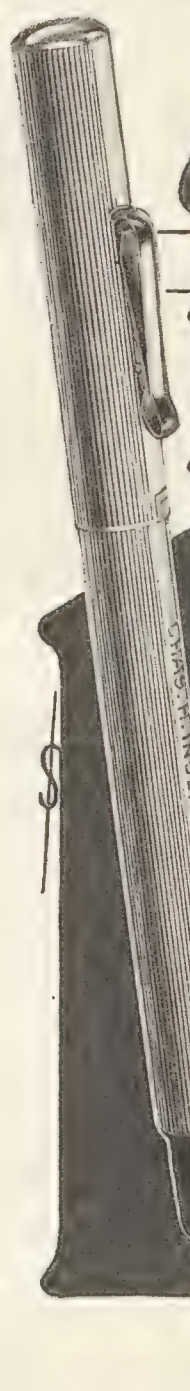
She shrugged her shoulders and pointed to the door, much as though he was in the last stages of a fatal illness. I went upstairs, and found him crouched in a chair, looking very miserable.

"Tosti, Tosti!" I said. "What is this about your teeth? Why have you not been to see me?"

"I couldn't! I couldn't!" he repeated. "This has given me a fever!"

After a short time I departed, trusting that he would eventually get over his indisposition.

I went abroad again for several months, and when I came back I wondered what had happened to



Chas. H. Ingersoll
EVERLASTING
Dollar Pen

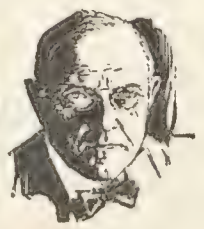
The *only* low cost fountain pen that embodies the *essential* features of high priced pens.

Its 14 Karat GOLD Writing Point with Hard IRIDIUM Tip is *same* as used in other pens costing as much as $50!

Shapely metal barrel and attractive silvery satin finish—new "stem-winder" self-filler and double average ink capacity.

At 15,000 Dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you we will fill order, charges prepaid, on receipt of One Dollar. Specify model desired—**Mens, Womens, Juniors.**

Designed, Manufactured and GUARANTEED by Chas. H. Ingersoll of Dollar Watch Fame.



NOTICE TO DEALERS

Here is a low cost fountain pen you can *safely* sell and recommend for value and quality. Order dozen now at trade price guaranteed to meet approval, or write for liberal proposition.

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO., 811 Astor St., Newark, New Jersey

Tosti and his teeth. I had no need to wonder, for I had hardly been in my room an hour before the door was flung open and Signor Tosti was announced. He advanced toward me, grinning like a Cheshire cat and showing all his teeth, with a cigar between his lips. The tragedy was over, and we sang songs for hours together.

There were moments when I would willingly have slapped Tosti—moments in which he was like a naughty child. Now that I am on the subject of Tosti, I cannot help recalling one night at Covent Garden when he nearly caused Caruso and myself to disgrace ourselves. The opera was La Boheme, and as soon as I came onto the stage I noticed that Tosti was sitting in the front row.

For the first act all went well, and he behaved perfectly.

But in the second act, in which we neither of us have very much to do, Caruso suddenly whispered to me, "For heaven's sake, look at Tosti!"

In a rash moment I looked. He presented such an amazing appearance that it was only by exercising an almost superhuman self-control that I was able to keep my face. He had taken a white handkerchief from his pocket and attached it to his mouth so that it looked exactly like a very long and particularly ludicrous white mustache.

Nor was he content with this. He puffed out his cheeks, pushed his head forward, and stared at us with great goggle eyes, an expression of solemnity on his face.

You know how infinitely funnier every incident of that nature seems when one is in such a position that it would be fatal to laugh, so you may imagine the plight I was in for the rest of that act.

ALTHOUGH English people are at least as musical as any nation in the world, they never seem quite to abandon themselves to music like some other peoples. If an Italian or a German hears a piece of music or a singer that he loves, he goes mad with joy, no matter what it is he hears, or where he hears it. Not so the Englishman. He wants to know what he is applauding. He is ca' canny in his emotions.

Two pictures are in my mind when I write this—one of Venice, one of the Thames. What a difference!

One night in Venice, where I had gone for a brief holiday after a strenuous season in Milan, Tosti and I decided that we would go out on the Grand Canal and give a little concert. It was a marvelous night, with the moonlight silvering the roofs of the palaces—the sort of night in which one felt that even the dullest of soul must be moved to some sort of poetry.

Thrilled, with excitement, we borrowed an harmonium, which was sweet and in tune, though it had seen better days, and, guided by Ambroggio, my faithful gondolier, we pushed off from the steps of the hotel, the prow of the gondola plashing in the still water.

Then I began to sing. I forget what it was I sang first—Tosti's Matinata, I believe, or his Serenata. At least I know that it was something of Tosti's own composition. Never shall I forget the feeling that I had as my voice echoed over the water in that city of dreams. I can see, at this moment, the little gondolas drifting in on us from all sides out of the dark canals, curving round corners, with lanterns gleaming faintly. And I can still hear the cries of "*Brava, brava, Tosti! Brava, Melba!*" which burst out when I had finished.

IN ten minutes we had drawn a crowd. We started to go slowly up the canal, while I sang another song. More and more gondolas followed, until the whole canal was thick with them. We turned down the side canal. The chain of gondolas followed, like a black serpent with a hundred eyes. Soon it seemed that half of Venice must be listening to me.

The moon rose higher in the sky, windows were opened and dark heads pushed silently out, pattering footsteps echoed down all the side streets. Still the gondolas followed, and still I sang. It was not till nearly twelve o'clock that I returned to my hotel, having learned exactly what it must feel like to be the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

When we were next in England together, at Henley, Tosti suggested that we should try the experiment again, only this time with the English setting of the Thames. I was a little doubtful, for I knew the English temperament, and Tosti didn't. However, the night was so glorious—one of those warm nights in June that linger between the freshness of spring and the heat of summer—that I agreed.

We went out in two punts tied together, again with a little harmonium, and steered for that part of the river where the punts lay thickest. I sang—again enjoyed myself intensely. The last notes died away. Silence. Not a cheer, not even a clap from the assembled punts. I could not understand. I whispered to Tosti:

"What's the matter with them? Am I singing badly?"

"*Cara Melba,*" he whispered back. "You have never sung more divinely."

We tried another song, drifting at the same time to another part of the river. When I had finished there was the same silence, broken only by the ripple of water in the reeds.

"Very well," I said to Tosti.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Is beautiful hair a thing of the past?

Not if you heed Nature's 3 warning signals

EVEN the way you eat and dress—almost the way you think—in these hurry-scurry times affects the health of your scalp—and makes your hair less beautiful. To say nothing of the havoc the dust of streets and the grime of cities work upon your tender scalp!

Hair demands more care today than it did in the romantic times of Romeo and Juliet, when gallant courtiers wrote their verses to "raven locks" and "golden tresses." But even today your hair can be lovely if you watch for Nature's 3 warnings that tell you to care for your scalp.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

Each dangerous condition can be met and conquered by a Wildroot treatment. Read the rules on this page. Get Wildroot preparations at better drug and department stores.

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1 Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Before you wet your hair rub *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.*

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Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic.* Then gently massage *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp, before you wet your hair. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

3 Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

"As they don't realize that they're hearing a prima donna for nothing, I shall remind them. Give me your hat."

He gave me his hat, and we punted round, thrusting the hat under the noses of the most attached couples we could spy out. After twenty minutes' hard work we had collected four and eightpence.

"What shall we do with this?" I said in disgust, giving Tosti back his hat.

"What can one do with four and eightpence, unless to spend it in a bar?" he said.

A FEW days later a great friend of mine came up to me and said, "Were you singing on the Thames the other night?"

I nodded.

"I knew it," she said. "The people were absolutely entranced."

I thought of my four and eightpence, and held my peace.

Apart from musical self-consciousness, which is bad enough, there is also in England a really astounding ignorance of the work of new composers. We hear of things in London ten or fifteen years after they have been known, and known well, on the Continent.

This ignorance is not confined to the masses, but characterizes even some of our most celebrated musicians. I cannot help thinking, in this connection, of a famous English musician, whom I will call Mr. E. I was staying with Lady Charles Beresford in her house at Brighton. As she was not very well at the time, she had her bed taken into the drawing-room, and in the afternoon she asked me to come and sing to her.

"Of course," I said. And a divine concert we had. In particular, I sang a great many new French songs by composers who had already made a great name abroad. In the evening Mr. E., who was also staying in the same house, came up to me, perhaps not in the best of tempers.

"You disturbed me terribly this afternoon," he said. "I couldn't do a stroke of work. What *was* it that you were singing?"

"Oh, some French classics—Chausson, for example."

"Never heard of him," said Mr. E., and turned on his heel, leaving me to ponder the strange ways of this land of hope and glory.

© Keystone View Co.

Sir Landon Ronald, London teacher and orchestra conductor who, when a young man, served as Melba's accompanist and conductor during her visit to America in 1894.

IT was at this time that I first met a young man with beautiful eyes, curly hair, and a long nose, who was afterwards to play a considerable part in my career, and was to be known to the world in general as one of the best musicians of our time —Sir Landon Ronald.

I was singing Faust at Covent Garden, and during one of the performances I noticed that wherever I went I was followed by the slight, shuffling figure of this young man, always fixing me with those immense luminous eyes that shone out of his pale face like stars.

Eventually I could not bear it any longer, and when I saw him trotting after me in one of the corridors I turned around sharply and said to him:

"I wonder who you are? And why do you follow me like this?"

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He gave a pull to his tie, smiled shyly, and said:

"I'm Landon Ronald."

"And who may that be?" I asked, slightly mollified by the smile.

Another pull to the tie, and he replied in a husky voice:

"I've just been engaged as a private teacher here."

He paused and looked at me pathetically. I said, "Are you any good?"

There was something attractive about him, and I thought I would give him a chance. I was then studying Massenet's opera Manon, and I wanted somebody to play the roles for me. Why not the youth who stood before me?

And so I said, "Do you know Manon?"

Very quickly he said, "Yes."

"Very well. Come to my hotel tomorrow at twelve o'clock, and I'll see what you're made of."

He turned up at my hotel the next day at twelve o'clock, still with the same shabby suit, and, sitting down at the piano, he played the opening bars of Manon without the music.

"Here," I said. "Not so fast. You have studied this. I haven't. I want the book."

He smiled, waited for me to find my place, and then played on. We went through the whole of the first act without a pause, and when we had finished I said, "You play beautifully, and you seem to have a wonderful memory. Have you studied Manon for long?"

He shook his head diffidently.

"No," he replied. "I borrowed the score after the performance, and sat up learning it all last night. I had never seen it before."

And that is why Landon Ronald is Landon Ronald!

I was so impressed with Ronald's playing that shortly afterwards I took him to America as my accompanist and conductor. We went all over the States, and gradually I noticed his art becoming more and more finished, his interpretations more and more sympathetic. But he was still, musically speaking, a beginner, and he was not always quite sure of his orchestra.

One night he underwent a terrible ordeal—the sort of ordeal that must come to all conductors as their worst nightmare. Campanari was singing before a vast audience, and after a few moments of the song it was evident that Landon was in trouble with his orchestra. He had not mastered the accompaniment, and in spite of feverish efforts he could not bring the singer and the orchestra into accord.

Suddenly Campanari stopped singing. There was a deathly silence in which I heard Landon

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

put down his baton with a little tap on the desk. Campanari smiled gently and in a sympathetic voice he said, "I think we'll begin again."

They did begin again, and this time all was well, and the applause for the young conductor at the end of the song was as great as for the singer himself.

I always think, if anything goes wrong on the stage (so wrong, that is to say, that it is impossible to disguise it from the audience), that it is far better to own up frankly, and to start again, than to blunder on from bad to worse, until all the audience is put in a state of nervousness and suspense.

Once, for example, I was singing at Blackpool with Landon Ronald, and one of the chief items on the program was his own song, Away on the Hill. He began to play the accompaniment, and at once I noticed something unfamiliar.

I began to croak the first few bars, and then I stopped. I turned to him and said, "Landon, Landon, please try the other key. I'm not a contralto yet!"

It afterwards transpired that he had been playing the song for a contralto the night before, and had begun the accompaniment mechanically, without thinking.

I need hardly say that every audience adores a little scene like that!

In next week's installment of her autobiography, Madame Melba tells of her experiences in Russia; of her debut at La Scala in Milan, where she appeared under threat of death; and of her meetings with the King of Sweden and other notables.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

"Plugging Up" the Baby

Jack had been to the neighbor's to see the new baby boy. The babe was crying and a pacifier was given him. Upon arriving home his mother asked how the baby was and received this reply:

"Aw! He was crying to beat the band, but they put a plug in his mouth and stopped it."—C. P., Holly, Mich.

* * *

The Only Trouble Is He's Dead!

One night a beetle was walking on the window sill. I hit him twice quite sharply with the end of my finger and he lay still.

My little daughter was much interested, and gave the beetle a minute inspection. Then she said: "He isn't broke. He isn't even bent. The only trouble with him is he's dead."—S. H. P., Kennebunkport, Me.

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THE farm began to hum like an angry hive. Officers and men poured from everywhere.

The Volunteer Messenger

A Lively Tale of a Yank in France, and How the War Interfered with His Sleep

HERE is a story to be read on Armistice Day—a picture of war by one who was in it and describes it for what it was. Mr. Nason has caught the grim humor of the fighting Yank in many a fine tale, but none has been better than this.

By LEONARD H. NASON

Pictures by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

A MAN sat upon a doorstep, rolling a cigarette. Before him was the blank wall of the farther side of the court, the court of a French farmhouse. Upon this wall were two signs, "Chef de Groupe 225 R. A. C." and "H. Q. 1st Bat. 73d F. A."

Underneath these signs, arrows pointed to a door in the wall. On the left hand another arrow pointed to a cellar entrance that bore the sign, "Poste de Secours."

From behind the man came snores and the rustling sound of sleeping men turning in the hay. The man was a telephone operator, attached to this battalion of field artillery. He had at one time been a corporal, but during an inspection had been asked what was the first duty of the telephone detail on arrival at the front.

"We digs a hole for the Old Man," replied the corporal.

He had then become a private and acquired the name of Digs, by which he was known throughout the regiment.

The farm housed the battalion staffs of a regiment of French and American artillery, and Digs had just come off duty.

Digs lighted a cigarette and sniffed the morning air. Day was just breaking, the farther wall of the barn could be dimly seen, and overhead, right in the peak of the sky, was a pale blue patch. However, the shadows still lay heavily on the ground, the cook had not yet kindled the fire in the rolling kitchen, and the farmyard was deserted. The front was alleged to be quiet; the Germans, separated from the Allies by a wide river, seemed to be inclined to let well enough alone, and it looked as though all would enjoy a peaceful summer.

The morning, thought Digs, was going to be hot. All the better for sleeping. An operator has a better job than a lineman any day. Digs bent down to unwrap his puttee when he heard what might be mistaken for a load of bricks being delivered in the adjoining field.

He stopped with the tape of the puttee still in his hand. On the still morning air came the sound of a low moan that rapidly swelled into a shriek that awakened every echo within a mile. The shriek ended abruptly, as though a hand had closed the gigantic throat. Silence.

"Umm!" muttered Digs. "That was a nice dud. I wonder if they figure to start something this morning?"

He craned his neck just a bit so that he could measure the distance to a cellar entrance near

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

by. Satisfied that in case of need he could make it in one jump, he bent over once more to unwrap the puttee.

Another moan swiftly changed to a shriek, a shriek that seemed to split the sky as the nose of a swimming muskrat does a stream. Digs leaped for the cellar without further hesitation, but he had miscalculated. The shell burst in the road on the other side of the farm wall while Digs still had one foot in air.

"Now what the hell!" muttered Digs.

On the road before the farm he could hear the wild galloping of a horse, and while he still hesitated at the entrance to the cellar the horse turned into the yard and came to a halt, while his rider flung himself from the saddle and rolled on the ground. Digs went over to him and discovered that the rider was one Shorty from Digs' own battery. This Shorty was a liaison agent, or messenger.

"What's the matter, Shorty?" asked Digs. "Got cramps?"

"I'm hit," said Shorty. "Oh, God, how that thing hurts!"

"You ain't hit bad," remarked Digs. "'Twouldn't hurt if you was."

Shorty looked up at Digs with a face that was ghastly in the dim light.

"I got a message. I've got to go to the regiment with a message," said he. "Take it on for me, will you, Digs?"

"Ho!" cried Digs. "I ain't no messenger. I'm a telephone operator. I just come off duty, too. How'm I gonna catch any shut-eye runnin' around with messages?"

Shorty rolled on the stones of the yard, clutching his leg. His hands were covered with some black substance, and Digs remembered that in darkness blood always shows black.

"I'm gettin' awful weak," said Shorty. "Quick, I'll give you the message while I can talk. The Old Man wants authority to keep the limbers at the battery position. There's an order not to have horses at the guns, but he's scared if he sends 'em out they'll get hit. The boche are shellin' the road. Go on, will yuh, Digs?" Shorty moaned softly, clutching his wounded leg.

"All right, Shorty, I'll take your message," said Digs. "It ain't far to the regimental P. C., thank God. Wait now 'til I tell the Frogs to take care of you."

HE fixed his puttee, dived into the door labeled Poste de Secours, and dragged forth a sleepy Frenchman, who rubbed his eyes and casually examined Shorty's wound.

"Get goin', Digs," begged Shorty. "The Old Man is waiting. He'll have to start them limbers back before it gets too light, and you'll have to work fast or you won't get back to the battery in time."

"Leave it to me, kid," said Digs.

He crossed the yard. Shorty's horse was nosing about in the litter where some soldiers had filled their bed sacks the night before, and, gathering the reins, Digs clambered into the saddle. The stirrups were too short, but Digs decided he would not bother to lengthen them. He noticed with a tightening of the throat that it was growing lighter rapidly.

He thumped the horse's ribs with his heels and regretted he had no spurs. The horses of the American Expeditionary Force were poor enough at their best, but after they had inhaled a gas-laden atmosphere for a week or so and had been very indifferently fed and watered they were not easily urged into a gallop. The shell burst that had wounded Shorty had made his steed gallop for a short distance, and it seemed that nothing short of another close burst would make him gallop again.

Whack-crack! Dust rose from innumerable spots in the road, twigs and leaves sifted down, and Digs looked up with open mouth at a little round cloud of smoke that slowly faded away.

"Shrapnel!" he gasped. "They're after me!"

He cast a despairing look behind him, just as a load of coal was delivered with tremendous racket and noise about a hundred yards down the road. No return that way. Forward, then, to the P. C.

"Come on, damn your hide!" he cried, pounding the horse with heel and fist. "Come on, stir around an' get me outta this!"

He turned a bend in the road and was nearly flung from the saddle by the violent shying of his horse. By the time Digs had pulled himself back into the saddle and gathered the reins again the horse had run off the road into the field. Well, let him go. Digs had seen enough of that road.

Just around that turn he had caught a glimpse of one escort wagon in the ditch, its rear wheels still on the road, and another standing quietly, two mules dead in the traces, and the driver in the road in front of them in that strange flat shape that a man takes when life leaves him.

A squadron of planes hummed angrily overhead on their way to the German lines to see what this sudden activity portended and to see if there were any troop concentrations that would foretell an attack. The sun rose higher,

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

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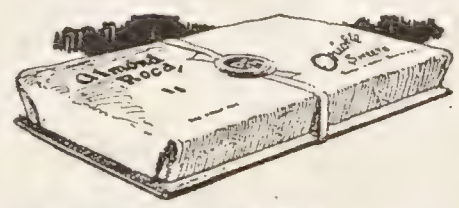

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glinting on steel on the far edge of the field.

Digs' horse was trotting now, and, since the stirrups were too short to be used, Digs was being well pounded. He could see now what made that twinkling of light. A platoon of French infantry in gas masks was behind the hedge there and the light had twinkled on their bayonets. Digs guessed that they had come from the farm where the regimental P. C. was established, and he was cheered to think that he was nearing the goal. Distant shells clanged.

"Man, I'm glad I had sense enough to get off that road," muttered Digs.

He shoved his horse through the hedge onto a farm road, one that he recognized, and, following it to the left, he came to the open gate of a farm. In the yard another platoon of French infantry was being hastily formed, a motorcyclist departed in a haze of blue smoke, and under a shed a nervous cook's police chopped ration boxes into kindling.

II.

DIGS leaped from his horse, led him into the barn, and then made for the living quarters of the farm. At the door he paused in consternation.

"By cripes," he muttered, "I don't know who's this here message to!"

"Hey!" said Digs. "Who's the he-coon around here?"

The cook's police looked up from his chopping. "If yuh want a feed it's the mess sergeant. He ain't up yet."

"I got a message," said Digs, "but I ain't sure who it's for. Most like the colonel."

"They's a sprout in there that takes messages at night," said the cook's police, waving a horny thumb in the direction of the living quarters. "Go see him. Don't expect too much of him. He ain't got many brains, even fer a lootenant."

Digs went into the house, cursing himself for ever having taken the duty of delivering Shorty's message. The messenger once hit, that was an end of his responsibility. But having started, he, Digs, would have to go through with the thing.

The door opened directly into the kitchen of the farmhouse. It was cold and dark in there, for the windows were shuttered to prevent light shining out and thus showing night-flying airplanes that the farm was occupied. From a sort of pantry at the far side of the room came the glimmer of a candle. A voice came from the darkness there.

"Well, trooper, what do you want?"

"I got a message," replied Digs.

"Give it to me. I'll take care of it," said the man in the darkness.

Digs stamped his way across the kitchen, his hobnails banging on the stones.

"Don't make so much noise!" said the man in the pantry. "You'll wake the colonel. Now, then, where's your message?"

"It's from the battery commander of A Battery," began Digs. "He wants to know can he keep his limbers at the battery position."

"What kind of a message is that?" cried the man in the pantry.

Digs' eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness now, and he could see that there was a table in this tiny room, a telephone switchboard, and the man with whom he talked. The man was an officer, and Digs decided he must be the lieutenant who was not overwell endowed with brains.

"Well, sir," said Digs, "I don't know. That's the message."

"There's no sense to that," snapped the officer, "any more than if he asked permission to keep his guns there."

"Maybe he got orders from the major to send 'em back an' he's afraid that they'll get shelled," suggested Digs.

"Maybe," sneered the officer. "Haven't you got this in writing? How do I know what you want if you don't know yourself?"

"The message," said Digs, hopelessly, "is, 'Can the battery commander keep his limbers at the position?' That's the message."

"Well, we'll call up the battalion and see if we can straighten it out. The next time ask for your message in writing. A soldier will never be blamed for asking an officer to write the message for him."

DIGS could not explain that he was not the messenger, that it was Shorty who had originally received the message. That would have required another series of questions regarding the authority of Digs, a telephone operator, to take over the duties of a liaison agent. Digs could also picture Shorty asking the battery commander of A Battery to write the message for him. Shorty would have spent the rest of the summer digging garbage pits and similar things.

The officer began to make feeble efforts to get the battalion on the wire. The line was busy, or the connection was poor, for nothing happened. Digs shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He had been on duty all night and was beginning to feel the need of sleep.

"Hello," said the officer suddenly. "Houston

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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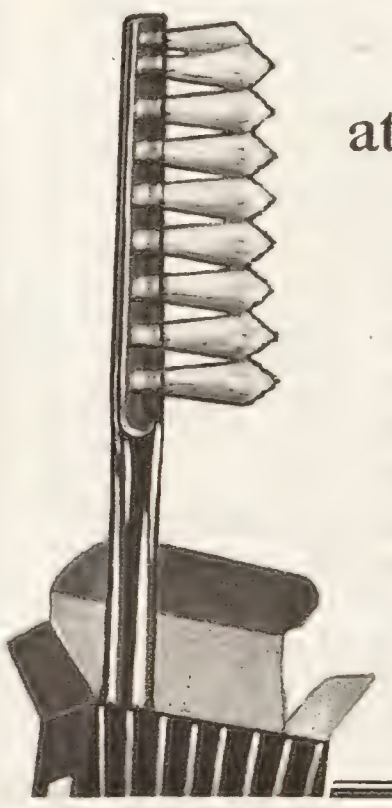

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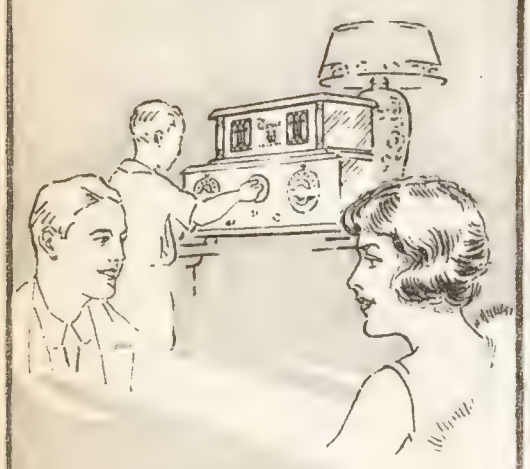

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

speaking. Say, have you issued an order to send limbers and teams back to the echelon?—No, no one cares much, only there's a man here with a request to hold the limbers of some battery, and I thought one of your B. C.'s might be questioning an order."

The officer pulled the plug from the switchboard, and turned to Digs.

"The battalion knows nothing about it," said he. "You'd better go back and ask your B. C. for a written message."

Digs was unable to move. Thoughts crowded each other through his mind. First, that every minute it was getting lighter and that to start limbers on the road in daylight was equivalent to driving them over a cliff. Secondly, Digs could picture himself announcing to the B. C. of a battery that he had come back for a written message.

The B. C. was a soldier of the old school; he had an eye as coldly blue and expressionless as a saber blade, and when he swore even mule skinners heard words beyond their experience.

At this moment a door slammed somewhere and another officer appeared in the kitchen, buttoning his blouse. He recognized Digs, for he had had some dealings with this soldier. Digs knew the officer for the regimental adjutant, a man of a great deal of tact and common sense, wherefor he had been detailed as adjutant.

"What's the matter?" asked the adjutant. "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh, no," said the other officer. "This man here had a message he had forgotten."

"No, sir," interrupted Digs. "The battery commander of A Battery wants authority to keep his limbers at the battery position instead of sendin' 'em back with this shellin' goin' on."

"QUITE right," said the adjutant. "The brigade order forbidding the keeping of gun teams at the forward position was superseded at 3 A. M. Should have been forwarded to every battery P. C." The adjutant looked a bit coldly at the other officer.

"Oh, well," said the latter, "I can't keep track of all these things. If the battery commander didn't get the order I'm sure I can't be expected to know about it."

"Maybe the messenger got killed," suggested Digs. "They're sockin' the roads to hell."

"Yes, they are," agreed the adjutant. "There's some kind of a demonstration going on. You must have had a lively time getting here; and it'll be lively going back."

SLAM! It seemed to Digs that he and the others were in a cellar and that someone had slammed shut an enormous cellar flap. Even in the kitchen the men felt the rush of air from the explosion. Dust showered from the beams. In some distant rooms pans clattered to the ground.

The farm began to hum like an angry hive. Officers and men poured from everywhere, buttoning blouses, adjusting gas masks, settling helmets.

"Here's where I go!" muttered Digs. "If they're goin' to hammer this farm I want to be out before it starts."

He started for the door with a sick feeling that he was already too late, that the sun was well up now, and that the limbers were probably on their way. Still, he might catch them yet. Digs tore his way through the crowd of officers, sergeants major, orderlies, and what not in the door, and reached the yard.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Digs. The yard had changed in the last few minutes. Where there had been a wall there was now a heap of broken fragments of stone, beyond which one could see an orchard. The end of the barn that backed against that wall was gone, just as though some fearful monster had taken a bite out of it. The dust was just settling. Digs

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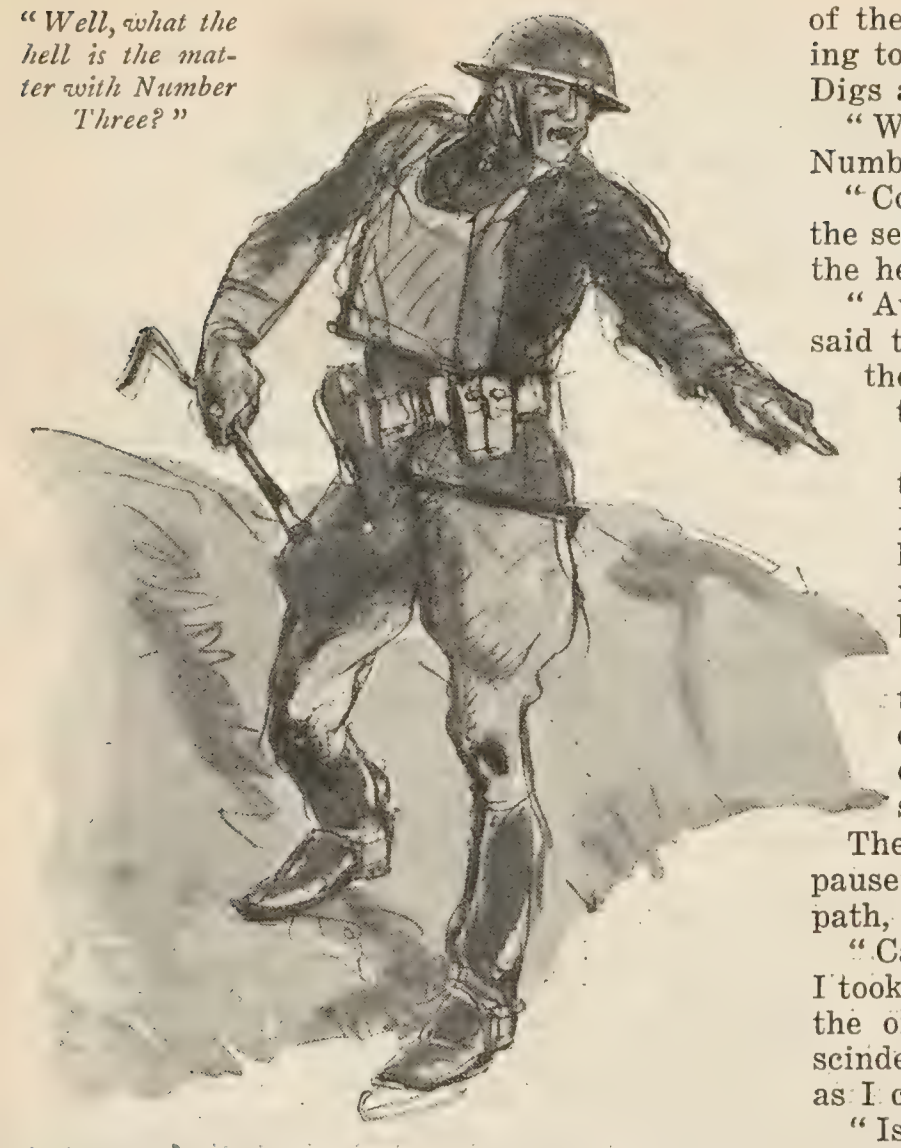

"Well, what the hell is the matter with Number Three?"

crossed the yard in a daze, and, climbing upon a heap of debris, inspected the ruins of the barn. He could see a neck there and a stirrup. The neck was all that showed of Digs' horse.

Again came the distant moan of an approaching shell. Digs hurled himself to earth. The shell exploded just the other side of the farm, in the road by the gate. Digs was half stunned by the shock of the burst, yet he got up and began to shamble across the yard. As he cast himself to the ground he had seen a motorcycle there and a motorcycle was something he needed badly.

"Hey!" called a voice. "Git the hell away from that motorcycle!"

The motor barked by way of response and Digs curved out of the yard, missed the still smoking shell hole by an inch, and was gone down the road. Behind he heard an angry shout, then the sharp bark of an automatic. If the bullet went anywhere near Digs, the sound of it was lost in the hoot of another shell. Digs stopped the motorcycle and, leaving it in the road, took to the ditch.

Blom! went the shell, landing almost in the same hole as its predecessor. Digs scrambled from the hole, lifted the motorcycle, and cast a despairing look toward the farm to see what had become of the machine's owner. There was an irregular heap of olive drab near the gate. Digs set up the motorcycle on its stand, started the motor, and then mounted.

"My luck's changed," he muttered. "There won't be no stink raised about my stealing this here now that guy's got no more use for it." He opened the throttle and tore down the road. If the boche hit him now they would be good shots. He noticed sadly that it was broad day.

III.

AT the battery things were going in lively fashion. When a bombardment is begun by either side, the other side immediately retaliates on the enemy's most vulnerable spot.

A Battery was working hard. From the bushes where the guns were concealed came the steady cough of the 75's, the clang of the ejected shell being thrown on the pile of empties, the hoarse cry of the section chief, "Nummer One onnaway!" and the fainter call of the telephone operator repeating the warning to the observer on the front line. Just as Digs arrived there was a sudden silence.

"Well, what the hell is the matter with Number Three?" called the executive.

"Come on, wake up on that gun," bellowed the section chief of the third section. "Where the hell do you think you are—in a parlor?"

"Aw, she jumped off the aimin' point!" said the gunner, peeking desperately through the little hole in the gun shield. "I tell yuh the old tramp hops around like a flea!"

"Why, there ain't no log in back o' the trail spade," observed the section chief of Number Four, who had walked over, his hand still in air to show his section was ready. "Tryin' to plow up the woods a bit?"

"Number Three out!" yelled the executive officer, and his bitter remarks to the chief of Number Three section were drowned in the clang of the next piece sending its best wishes to Germany.

The captain, drawn from his dugout by the pause in the firing, came suddenly onto the tiny path, and Digs just missed running him down.

"Captain, sir," said he, "Shorty got hit an' I took his message on. The adjutant says that the order to send back the limbers was rescinded at 3 A. M. So I come back as quick as I could."

"Is he hit bad?" asked the captain.

"No, sir."

"Well, the limbers have gone," said the captain. "I didn't dare hold them any longer." He looked overhead as if he could see the projectiles that he could hear whistling there, on their way to the roads in rear of the battery.

"I wonder if every army is cursed with the fools that this one is," he continued. "It doesn't seem possible. Well, thank you, anyway, for taking the message. How do you like your job over there?"

"Not bad, sir," said Digs. "I got made a first-class private the first o' the month."

He wheeled the motorcycle around and departed. Once back on the main road, however, he stopped the machine and looked south, down the road that the limbers had taken. The road went up to the crest of a hill and from that hill he might be able to see them. Perhaps the limbers had gotten through anyway; it wouldn't take a minute to skip up and see. He turned the machine and sped south.

At the crest of the hill Digs stopped and surveyed the country beyond. The church steeples of two little towns were the only signs of habitation. The fields were deserted, but here and there shells bloomed in them. In the next clump of woods was a crossroads, where the road joining the two towns crossed the main highway. Every few seconds a shell would swoop on this crossroads.

"I better get outta here," muttered Digs. At the same time he heard a shell coming and knew by the shriek of it that it would land close at hand. He leaped for the ditch and the blast of air from the explosion helped him. Stones and dirt rained on him.

AT last Digs stopped coughing from the bite of the high explosive and dashed the tears from his eyes. He regained the road and started to lift the motorcycle from the ground. The rear wheel was gone and the motor showed a great black wound that bled oil freely.

"I see where I walk home," remarked Digs. He thought for a moment and remembered that the road he was on crossed the road to the battalion command post at right angles, and that if he cut across the fields he would undoubtedly arrive at the farm in much less time than if he went around by the road.

"There's war for yuh," said Digs aloud. "Some boob don't do what he ought, and sends an order around so Shorty gets hit and the drivers get killed and the motorcycle all smashed up, an' I lose a morning's sleep an' a year's growth. An' all for nuthin'."

He started sadly across the fields. It was lucky that he did so, for the enemy began to shell the north crossroads.

A short way from the road Digs' path passed a small grove. He noticed that wheel tracks through the grass led into the grove, and while he was still wondering at it a voice hailed him.

"Hey, Digs, was that you on the motorbike?" Digs looked in the direction of the voice. A man sat on the edge of the grove,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I got a message. I've got to go to the regiment with a message. Take it on for me, will you, Digs?"

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

smoking a cigarette and idly slapping his puttees with a whip. And this man Digs recognized as one Red, who drove the lead team of Number Four piece, A Battery.

"How come you wasn't with the limbers?" cried Digs, coming to a halt.

"I wuz," said Red. "Who said I wuzn't? The limbers is right here."

"Why, I been runnin' wild all over the sector tryin' to save you birds from gettin' killed on the road. I got my motorbike what I stole smashed and lost a day's sleep over you hombres. What do you mean the limbers is here?"

Red jerked a thumb over his shoulder. Digs took a few steps into the grove. There were the limbers parked in a neat row, their horses placidly chewing leaves and grass, their drivers snoring peacefully under the carriages.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Digs. "This is all the good it done for me to break my neck."

"You shouldn't have lost no sleep over us, Digs," said the driver. "When we get a order to go back in broad daylight and Fritz havin' a bilious spell we just curves into the first quiet woods we find and waits till it's over. We wasn't born yesterday."

A HALF hour or so later Digs arrived at the battalion. He was hot, tired, and angry. War was a senseless, disagreeable business at best. As he turned into the courtyard a soldier hurried up to him.

"Where yuh been, Digs?" he cried. "We been lookin' all over hell for yuh. They want yuh to go over to the regimental P. C. They ain't got no operators over there."

"Why, I just come off duty," cried Digs.

"Ah, but them damned boche have been shellin' us all morning. They killed Swenson an' Toomey. The sergeant major's gonna run the board here, but they ain't no one left to send over to the regiment, only you."

Digs could have wept. He was tired beyond expression and now he had the pleasant prospect of a day at a switchboard, handling test calls from the men repairing wires broken by the bombardment. The other man still cursed the Germans. Toomey, just killed, had been the other's buddy.

"How about that jughead lootenant that was runnin' the board at the regiment this morning?" asked Digs. "He too tired to do a day trick, too?"

"Him? He was out in the yard and a G. I. can come down an' flattened him. That's why they need you."

Digs' face became suddenly placid. He took out his bag of tobacco and rolled a cigarette.

"Don't swear at them boche so," admonished Digs. "They ain't such bad fellers after all."

THE END

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"Dick had but one fault—the bottle. It got worse and worse. I stood it as long as I could—three years."

YOUNG MR. BOWEN

A Vivid Novel of Fame, Fortune, and a Fascinating Woman

By W. B. MAXWELL

Pictures by GERALD LEAKE

WHO'S WHO IN THE FIFTH INSTALLMENT

ERIC BOWEN, *an ambitious but guileless young Englishman, leaves the staff of the Mayfair Gazette to work for*

JOHN CORNISH, *a wealthy Londoner who owns the Gazette and many other more important enterprises. Cornish, liking Eric, makes him his right-hand man, and throws many opportunities his way. Eric also meets*

RUTH CORNISH, *daughter of the capitalist. Ruth, a quiet girl whom Eric likes, is courted by*

LORD ALDERSTOWN, *a respectable but impoverished nobleman. While Eric is developing these friendships, he retains his acquaintance with*

CYRIL FAULKNER, *the shiftless, brilliant editor of the Gazette, whom Eric had idolized when first working for the paper. The acquaintance continues even when Eric learns that Cyril is no good, because of Eric's fondness for*

FERNANDE FAULKNER, *a beautiful woman several years older than Eric, who lives with Cyril as his wife, though another man is her husband. One night Eric and Fernande discover that they love each other, but Fernande will not desert Cyril, even though he has become enamored of*

MRS. ADOLPH LYNCH, *a wealthy Jewess. Eric, feeling that he cannot respect Fernande's wishes that they be "just friends" unless he refrains from seeing her, absents himself and plunges into social gayety with the Cornishes. But, much as he likes Ruth, he finds that he cannot forget Fernande, and he sees her occasionally.*

A GREAT many weeks, so many that Eric could not count them, had gone by since he last saw Fernande. On that last occasion she had been different again, wistful and gently feminine, instead of careless and manlike; and she had said, too, in a way that had touched his heart, "You would never drop me now, would you, Eric?"

Indeed, he had no intention of dropping her. He took the first available opportunity of going to Chelsea.

As he drove along the Embankment in the warm afternoon sunshine he was thinking of Fernande very deeply. What would she be today? Merry, or sad? Grand, or humble? What would she look like?

Then he thought of Ruth Cornish. Miss Cornish never surprised one; she was always the same. He now considered her very good-looking; but he would have thought so before, if he had studied her more closely.

He knew that her brown hair was not so dark as he had supposed it to be, that it had reddish strands, almost golden strands, in it; he knew, also, that the pretty flicker of color in her face, far from being rare, was frequent, and that it seemed to be caused as much by passing thoughts as by any little physical effort. But these items of his knowledge, all added to-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The wail of the last five....

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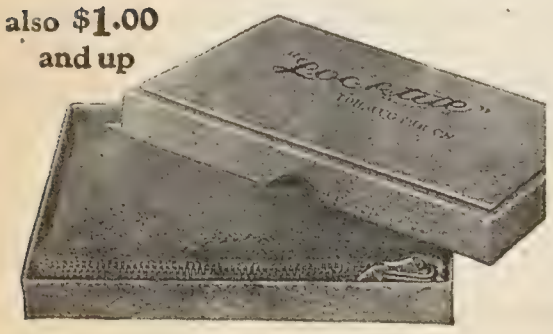

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

gether, made no real difference in her.

Perhaps it was the steadfastness of her character that gave this unchanging fixity of outward appearance.

When Eric arrived at Chelsea, Fernande was gone. A card at the entrance announced an unfurnished flat to let on the fourth floor and requested applicants to go to the porter at Number 6 for particulars.

He sensed evidences of a disaster he ought, somehow, to have foreseen—somehow to have averted. Fernande loved this flat; it was more than a shelter, a home; it was part of herself.

He managed, finally, to learn where she was staying, through Cyril's wealthy patroness, Mrs. Adolph Lynch. Mrs. Faulkner was, she informed him, staying in one of the Knightsbridge hotels.

At the second of the dismal hotels to which Eric went asking for Fernande, the page-boy glanced into a rather dingy reading room and then led him to her.

Her pleasure at seeing him was very evident.

"Eric! But this *is* wonderful. How did you know I was staying here?"

He told her of the anxious hunt that had followed his surprise in Chelsea.

"Why didn't you let me know you were giving up the flat?" he demanded.

"Well, I didn't want to bother you"—and she had a very sad little smile. "I intended to write and tell you when I was settled somewhere else. Eric, it's nice of you to seem to mind, but, of course, you can't mind, really. Not now."

"Fernande, why do you speak like this? I mind dreadfully. And what do you mean by 'Not now'?"

She was still looking at him.

"I mean," she said, "now that your time is altogether mortgaged."

"Yes, I'm always busy, but——"

"But you are infinitely more busy now than you were a little while ago, aren't you?"

"No. It's always pretty much the same. I was away for three weeks."

"Ah! And, now you are back, you are making up for lost time," she said, as if there was a significance in her words that he would understand. "I don't blame you. In the circumstances, Fernande naturally becomes very much of a back number. . . . Eric, I have said that I don't blame you."

He did not in the least understand these words of hers. "Won't you say what's in your thoughts, Fernande?" he asked.

"I was led to suppose that you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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If you play any instrument or are thinking of getting one, send for the "King" catalog before purchasing. This catalog will tell you how "Kings" are built, explain the arious exclusive features which make "Kings" the finest instruments you can obtain.

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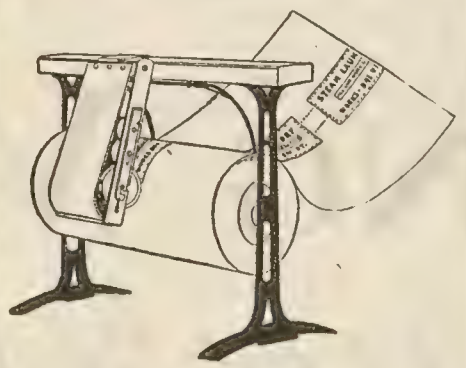

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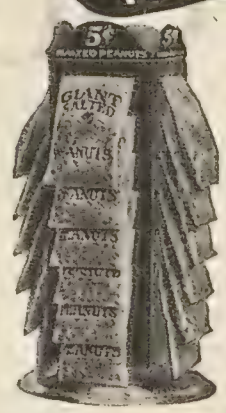

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Safe Milk and Diet
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.
Avoid Imitations

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

might have quite a big bit of news to tell me about yourself and your future plans—that is, if you cared to tell it."

He was still completely puzzled. He assured her that nothing remarkable had happened to him, or was likely to happen, so far as he knew.

"All right. Thank you, Eric. . . . Dare I ask you to make one promise?" She looked up at him, and then again her eyes dropped. "Suppose something does happen—I mean something that will alter your life—will you tell me then?"

"Of *course* I would."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes, that's a promise."

"Thank you. Bless you." She drew her chair close to his, so that their elbows touched. "Now, about me, it's quite all right. I have pulled through worse scrapes than this."

"But what is the scrape? Cyril?"

"No; both of us."

"Do you mean you have left him?"

"TEMPORARILY—at any rate. But, no doubt, we shall come together again. We always do. I may as well confess I have been behaving badly, as well as Cyril. My dear, your Fernande has been very naughty. Gambling! Yes, I know I ought to be well smacked." Her face was bright again. She talked faster, she rattled on gayly. "I thought I was so dashed clever, too—that I was going to make enough to set me up as a respectable citizen for the rest of my days. Phutt! Bang! Down I went!" And she laughed.

"I was cleaned out, Eric. Nothing for it but to sell up everything and fly from the ancestral home. Naturally, misfortunes never come singly. I have lost my little job with the bonnet people. The sparkling products of my pen have also ceased to attract. Fernande's means of earning an honest livelihood have been curtailed—in many ways."

She chattered merrily; but when he spoke of helping her with money she grew serious in a moment.

"No, dear," she said, in her quiet, firm tone. "Not yet—anyhow. I may let you do it some day—but not yet."

It was late now. Fernande told her visitor that he had better go. Then, after looking around to see that at the moment they were free from observation by porter or page, she swiftly raised his hand to her lips and kissed it.

"Thank you for taking so much trouble," she said, with a sort of humble gratitude that disturbed him painfully.

Cyril, unlike Fernande, did not suffer from scruples in regard to being helped. When he very imprudently jeopardized his position on the Mayfair *Gazette* by incurring Mr. Cornish's wrath, Eric pleaded with his superior in Cyril's behalf. On one occasion Eric, sent by Cornish to deliver an ultimatum, softened at the memory of his youthful idealization of Cyril and lent him the funds to meet the debt.

Eric heard nothing more about Cyril until a fortnight later, when Mr. Cornish was again making a noise. It appeared that a person had come to the house, and that Mr. Cornish had refused to see the person.

"He is shouting for you," said Miss Paine. "Do go to him and pacify him."

"I won't see her," said Mr. Cornish. "It's not a bit of good. Get rid of her, Eric."

"But who is it?" asked Eric.

"Mrs. Faulkner—that man's wife." And to Eric's consternation he explained that he had dismissed Cyril from the *Gazette*. "I sacked him yesterday afternoon. He's a rascal and a cheat! Now, of course, the wife has come to beg me to take him back. I won't do it. D'you understand? It's final! Now tell her so. Get her out of the place."

ERIC was obliged to tell her that, so far as Mr. Cornish was concerned, it was all over with Cyril. She made a forlorn gesture. "Very well, Eric. We must grin and bear it."

She was sitting in the hall. It was not Cyril who had sent her. She had come of her own accord to implore consideration from Mr. Cornish.

Eric was obliged to tell her that, so far as Mr. Cornish was concerned, it was all over with Cyril. She made a forlorn gesture.

"Very well, Eric. We must grin and bear it. But it's the worst knock we have had—because it means that Cyril will now be quite adrift. So long as he had the *Gazette*, he did try. Now I'm afraid he'll give up trying."

They went out into the hall together. The front doors were wide open. Fernande was being ejected as an undesirable intruder. Forlorn, unhappy, she was spurned by master, servants, and the whole house. Eric could not allow her to go away in this manner.

"Wait a moment, Fernande. I'll walk with you." And he fetched his hat.

THEY went away together, along Pall Mall and up St. James Street. At the top of the street they were overtaken and passed by Ruth Cornish in her open car. Her father was beside her. He stiffly raised his hat, bowed to Fernande, and stared at Eric.

Fernande was leading him to the shelter she had now found for herself: three appalling rooms in a dingy old house. She assured him that she was well pleased to have a place of her own again.

"Such a lucky find, you know. Just what I was looking for. Two bedrooms and a sitting room."

Once more he begged her to accept a gift or a loan of money, and once more she refused him with unshaken firmness.

Soon she found work, of a hard and undignified kind, in the millinery department of a common draper's shop. Her power over Eric now lay in the compassion, the yearning pity, that she always aroused.

For Cyril, too, he felt an increasing compassion, and he strenuously endeavored, but without avail, to secure for him some sort of post in the city. He lent him more money, suggesting and hoping that some of it should reach Fernande.

In September Eric spent three weeks with Mr. and Miss Cornish in Scotland, in their large house surrounded by wonderful scenery, with wide moors and a glorious river. There were delightfully few guests. Lord Alderstown came, but, as it seemed, only for convenience, to put in two nights on his way from somewhere to somewhere else.

Eric enjoyed it all immensely. Cornish

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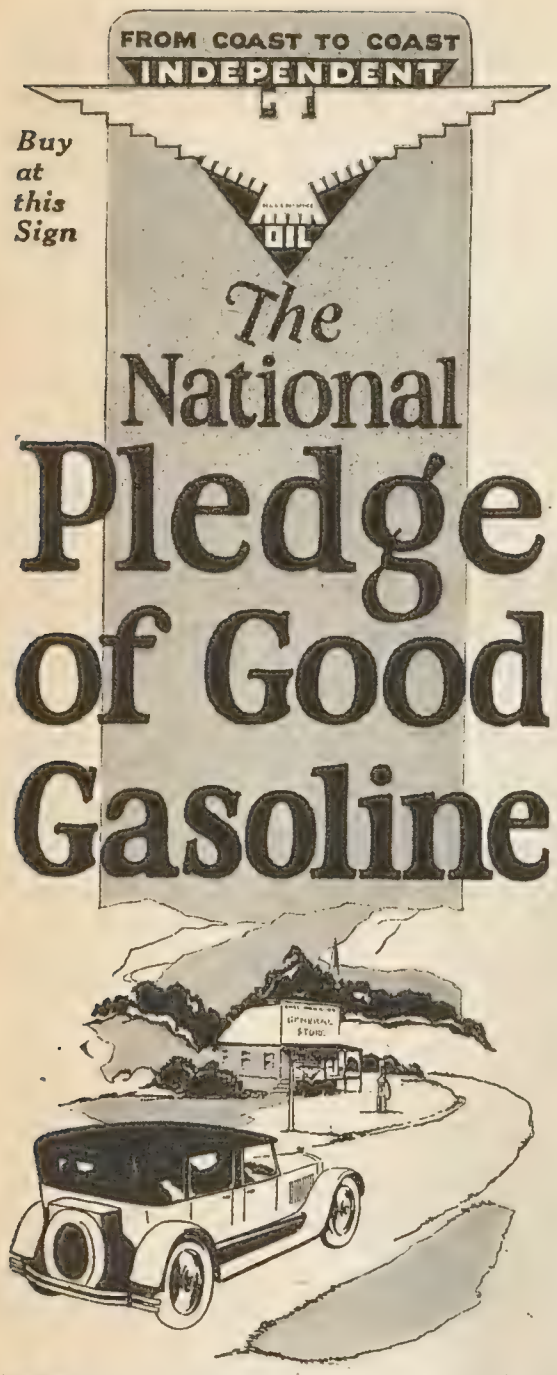

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

treated his guest exactly as if he had been a member of the family. One night, after dinner, he talked about his daughter in a way that Eric did not altogether understand. Eric had supposed that his greatest fear was to lose Ruth when she married. Now he spoke almost as if he were reconciled to the notion of her marrying. And yet again, the idea seemed to make him irritable and unhappy.

"Eric," he said, "what's your private opinion of that fellow Alderstown?"

Eric replied that he had formed no very strong opinion, but that Lord Alderstown struck him as an estimable personage.

"Oh, I've nothing to say against him myself," Cornish went on; "but what I think doesn't much matter. It isn't me that he and his gang are after. Of course, they're wanting to get Ruth for him."

"Does Miss Cornish give him any reason to hope?"

Then Cornish spoke with unusual fretfulness, saying, in effect, that girls were unfathomable creatures, even one's own girls. "Alderstown's best chance seems to me that there are no serious competitors in the field just now." Saying this, he rubbed his chin and stared at Eric. "It may be a walkover for him—in the end—you know."

Then, after a longish silence, he spoke of other matters, but returned to the same theme before they left the dining room. "I'm not as easy as I used to be about her, Eric. I'd like to see her future clear. Yes, on the whole, I want to see her married. But I want it to be to a man that I like. . . . Come on, or she'll be wondering what we're colloguing about."

On the afternoon of the last day of his visit Eric had a pleasant walk with Miss Ruth over the moor.

Ruth looked smaller, prettier here than she did in London, Eric thought. She told him many amusing incidents in their family history. She spoke very wisely about children, and the management of children, saying that, in fact, her sisters were foolish in this respect.

Eric, smiling and amused, told her that she must practice what she preached when she had children of her own.

Ruth looked at him in surprise.

"I hope I shall," she said. "Of course, it's easy to be wise before the event," and she looked at him again. "But why did you say that?"

Eric replied cheerfully to the effect that he expected she would soon be a married woman herself.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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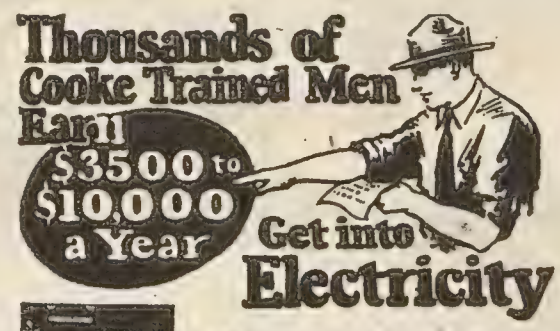

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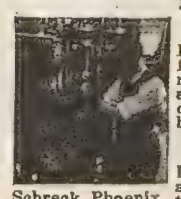

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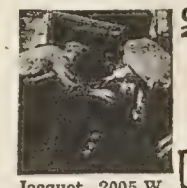

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by BRENDA UELAND
in next week's
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

"I don't know that I shall ever marry," said Ruth.

"Oh, of course you will!"

Ruth looked at him now as though he had hit her. That pretty changing color disappeared from her face altogether. She seemed to shrink away from him.

"Why have you spoken to me like this?" she said in a low voice.

Eric felt something like consternation. Somehow, inexplicably, he had put his foot in it—he had offended her or wounded her.

She repeated her question. "Why did you say it?"

"I don't know. Isn't it quite natural? Your father"—and he checked himself—"well, all your friends want to see you happily married, and I am venturing to class myself among them. Have I ventured too much?"

"Oh, no," said Ruth, "that's all right." She got up from the bowlder on which she had been sitting, and led the way down the path.

Next morning, as she had promised, she drove him to the far-off railway junction. She talked very little, and, as if in excuse, said that she had a headache. Bidding her good-by, he expressed a hope that she would enjoy the visit she had planned to old Mrs. Cornish, and asked when it was to be.

"I am not going there," she said. "I have changed my mind. I am going abroad."

"Oh, really? With Mr. Cornish?"

"Yes," she said. "He doesn't know it yet," and she smiled for the first time that morning; "but I mean to make him take me to the Italian lakes—and perhaps to Venice. I'm tired of Scotland—and England, too. Good-by, Mr. Bowen."

III.

THE chances that govern men's and women's lives were going adversely for Fernande. While the autumn was still summer she fell down that upper flight of stairs and lay gasping with a badly sprained ankle. Next day she was unable to put her foot to the ground; the day after that she received a message from the draper's shop saying her engagement there must be considered as rendered void by absence; the day after that she was really ill. She had fretted herself into a fever, and the doctor said she would have to remain in bed for two or three weeks.

This illness seemed to sanctify the bond between her and Eric. It was he who had brought the doctor; it was he who ministered to her almost broken spirit during the long, dull hours of her seclusion. He used to come to her bedside two or three times a day.

Lastly, it was he who arranged, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered, that she should go and complete her cure in good seaside air.

He thought of her after she had gone. The Cornishes were in Italy, his work was at a standstill; nothing of the least importance detained him in London.

One morning he had a portmanteau packed, and before luncheon he was in Folkestone. Mrs. Faulkner, he heard, was out in a bath chair. He went along the cliff to look for her.

Her delight at seeing him was so great that he felt quite extraordinarily glad he had come. As he walked beside her chair she told him it was from a mere laziness on her part that she still used this invalid's conveyance. Her foot was now all right. She herself felt ever so much better.

"Eric, it's angelic of you to have come. Say you'll be able to stay till an evening train."

"I can stay for a week, if you care to have me for so long."

She did not answer, and when he looked at her questioningly he saw to his consternation that she was crying. She bent her head, fumbled for a handkerchief, and then sobbed.

She recovered herself and apologized humbly for her weakness. After being ill in bed, she said, one had no strength to withstand emotion.

"So—so when you said that you were going to be with me, everything inside me seemed to break with the thought of your goodness. I—I just snapped, Eric. . . . There, that's the end of it. I won't disgrace you again."

He remained with her, devoting himself to her day after day, and she told him they were the happiest days she had ever spent. They strolled about, she leaning on his arm, not really needing support, but because it gave her pleasure, as she told him; they sat on seats in the paths below the cliffs; they talked to no one except each other.

SHE was gay now, full of vivacity, amusing him with her talk; and yet with every hour she seemed to grow softer and more gentle.

"You are too good to me, Eric—oh, so much too good! . . . There never was anyone like you."

And once she said, "Eric, I wonder if you'll ever understand why people get fond of you? . . . Are you listening?"

"Yes," he said; "but I don't know what you're driving at. Why these sudden and unmerited compliments?"

"Silly boy! . . . I never pay you compliments. I know you don't want compliments, any more than I want them myself. I was only meditating, going to the root of things. The fact is that the most terribly effective weapon a man can use against a woman is kindness. I don't believe any woman can resist it, if the weapon is used consistently, over a length of time. It is by kindness that men get the most unlikely women—and make slaves of them. At least, that's my experience of the world."

"Poor Fernande," he said, gently, answering the expression of her face rather than her words. "Have people been unkind to you—I mean in the past, before I knew you?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, and no, Eric. No more than I deserved—I dare say."

"Do you realize," he said, again very gently, "how little I know about you? You have never told me anything."

"There's nothing worth knowing"; and she frowned, as she always did when asked questions about herself. Then, after a little while, the frown disappeared and he saw that her lips were trembling. "Do you *want* to know, Eric?" she said, humbly and deprecatingly.

"I want nothing that you don't want."

"Thank you, dear."

They had a favorite seat on a path low down under the shelter of the cliff, and they sat there in the morning after this conversation.

"You know, Eric," she said, smiling happily, "just here where we're sitting is awfully like the south of France. Once I was two months at St. Raphael, with Dick."

"Who is Dick?"

"My husband."

"Oh. Yes—of course."

She sat for a while, silent, frowning; and then, suddenly, without prelude, she began to tell him the story of her life.

"My father left my mother before I could remember. I didn't blame him. It was what I often wanted to do myself. I didn't hate her, Eric—I just suffered under her.

"I can't remember when I first found out that there was something frightfully wrong about mother—that she was wicked, with men; that her life was simply a pursuit of men—first one, then another. I loathed the knowledge.

"Mother took me away from school when I was sixteen—the earliest time that she was allowed to, I suppose. I wanted to stay on. I shed salt tears at leaving.

"I still wore my pigtail—an immense black pigtail. Some of mother's friends admired it, and said it was fetching. Two of them—an awfully horsy captain of garrison artillery and an older man—used to pull my tail, as if I had been a cat, and stroke and caress me in public. If they ever got me alone they tried to take further liberties. I dodged them as best I could, not daring to make a fuss.

"Then I made my next shattering discovery. Mother was growing jealous of me. She didn't like them taking notice of me. This seemed to be the last blow—more disgusting than anything up till then. Of course, I see now that she couldn't help it. She had no control over her thoughts. Her hobby had become a craze; it was verging toward insanity.

"Mother, of course, wasn't a professional. She had all the clumsiness and stupidity of an amateur—crude in her methods, without art or finesse. She was a man hunter, not a man seducer. She was fierce in pursuit, overwhelming when she succeeded in striking down her prey. Yes, she was the man hunter, and I naturally became the man dodger. I learned every trick of evasion. I can tell you, I was soon devilish deceitful. I *had* to be. It was self-protection.

"A little after I was eighteen we went to some hunt races. A man called Sanford rode the winner in two of the races, and, strange as it seems, one of our gang knew him; and brought him over to us. He was a gentleman. It was Dick. I can see him now in his long red coat with a white band and a number round his arm, and his white breeches all splashed with mud.

"To my surprise and joy he came to see us. Dick, they said, was rich. He hunted in the winter, he yachted in the summer. I prayed Dick might give me my escape.

"DICK eloped with me—or I eloped with him—don't ask me which. With a very brief delay we were legally made one. Dick insisted on this. He was awfully good to me. I can never forget that. Dick had but one fault—the bottle. It didn't show in the winter. When he kept himself fit by his riding he was able to stand up against it, but every summer he went to pieces. And, of course, it got worse and worse—there was no stopping him.

"I stood it as long as I could—I was with him for three years—and then did a bolt. By myself, Eric—with no accomplice. I went to his solicitors in London, and told them that he must do something for me. It was arranged that he should give me an allowance of a hundred a year. They paid it for a little while, and then stopped. But even while I was getting it, two pounds a week wasn't enough. I couldn't live on it. Eric, I *didn't* live on it. You know what I mean by that?" And she was silent for a little while.

"God, how I was knocked about! I don't mean with blows and physical violence, but by every base contact—every degrading submission—every mean surrender of natural pride. How they took it out of me! How they made me pay for their largesse and their gifts. Except for deceit, artfulness, quickness of wit, I was so helpless, so utterly at their mercy.

"Cyril Faulkner came along, and I took him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

as my second escape. Cyril knew Dick. Dick had asked him to hunt me out—to see if I was behaving myself nicely.

"I want you to understand that the Cyril of those days was very different from the Cyril of today. So far as I was concerned he was more than an escape; he was salvation. Cyril gave me my first real chance. He encouraged me intellectually in every possible way. He opened up the world of literature to me as it had never been opened till then. He taught me to write a little, to understand something of art. Cyril did wonders for me.

"Of course, we ought to have cleared the ground for Dick. It could easily have been done. Cyril told him at once that we were living together, and Dick was furious at first. I'm sure he would have divorced me if we'd taken any trouble, but we didn't.

"I would like you to understand all my feelings about it, and to make you think of Cyril kindly—whatever he does now. He was all right then. Compared with Dick, he scarcely drank at all. As to being married to him or not, it was nothing to me. Cyril was my man. I always think of him in that way. He had saved me from the dire discomforts of polyandry—that's the word, isn't it?—and made me a respectable monogamist. That was enough for me—at that time.

"Since then Cyril has been beastly to me often. After helping me to raise myself a little way he has tried to help to get me down again. But I mustn't blame him for that. I suppose I ought to blame myself for not having had the strength of character to keep him on the upgrade. I tried for a long time—I never stopped trying."

She clasped her hands on her lap and looked straight in front of her. When she turned and spoke again, her voice was very gentle.

"Eric, dear. That's all that there is to Fernande. You wanted to know. So I have told you. I have never told anyone else."

Eric remained silent, staring out over the sea, when she had finished speaking. He reached over and took one of her hands, pressing it gently in his. Then, suddenly, over the blue water, he seemed to see a vision of all that Fernande was not, a vision of shielded purity; Cornish's daughter, Ruth.

In the sixth installment, in next week's Liberty, this poignant story reaches its climax. Eric, torn between two loyalties, must choose allegiance to one. The Cornishes or Fernande? Which shall it be?

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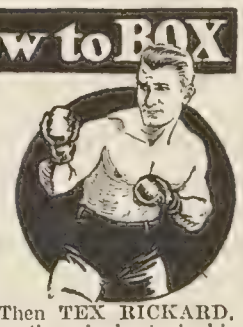

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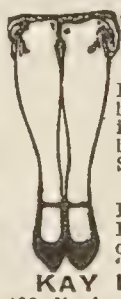

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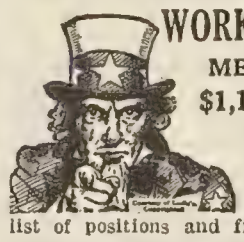

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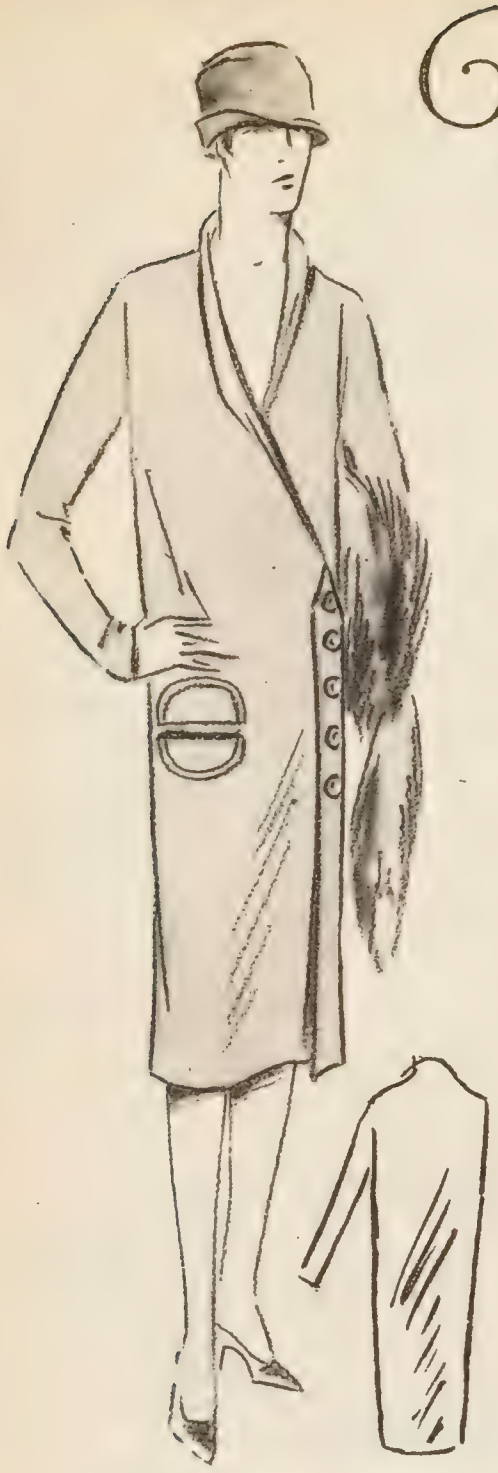
History Lends Inspiration *for* Frocks *of the* Moment

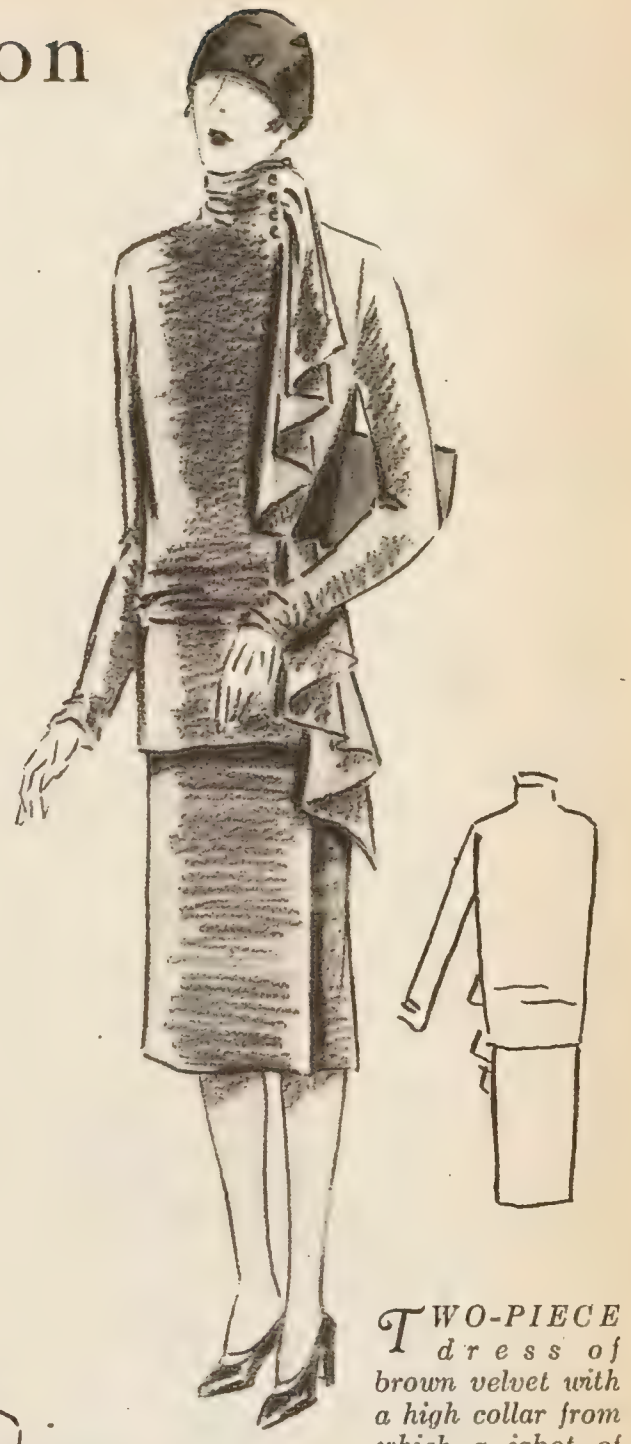
By Mary Brush Williams



COAT of dull blue kasha, notable for its one-piece, unbelted effect in this season of two-piece costumes, and also for its collar in the new line that rolls irregularly, falling lower on one side. By Lelong.

DRESS of black crepe de Chine with a yoke and band of silver mesh trimming. The costume has the fashionable long, tight sleeves. By Lenief.

L'ABBE, as this costume by Lenief (at the left) is called, is made in the style of a curé's habit. It is of black rep with a high, tight collar, a box-plaited front, and sash of black grosgrain ribbon.



TWO-PIECE dress of brown velvet with a high collar from which a jabot of the material falls to the bottom of the long middy blouse. By Louise Boulanger.

"WHERE will they turn next for their ideas?" protested the scandalized woman sitting in her little rented chair and basking in the sunlight pouring out of the blue heavens on the Avenue du Bois. She saw the accompanying model by Lenief in active service, coming down the wide promenade toward her.

The designer had turned to the French curé this time and taken for his inspiration the cleric's robe. You will notice that the dress is in exactly the form of the curé's conventional habit, with the high, tight collar, the box-plaited front, and a very wide sash of grosgrain ribbon that folds over and falls down one side.

You could almost imagine the young thing wearing that costume was having a lot of fun in trying to make her facial expression conform to the frock. The nice point was to regulate the expression, though not too severely, and she let a demure look of mischief shine through her sweet, pensive seriousness. And apparently this fashionable probationer aspired soon to be a cardinal, for she wore a piping and buttons of flaming red.

Jeanne d'Arc is also one of those whose cradle (or whose grave) has been robbed, in an organized search for new ideas by the French dressmakers. Her name even is borrowed for the dress shown in the second illustration. It is known all over Paris as the Jeanne d'Arc.

A garniture of material of a peculiar silver mesh goes to back up the appropriateness of the title. The top part of the blouse, as well as the bottom, is of silver mesh and makes the general ensemble look as if the feminine warrior of another century were brought down to date with a fashionable deep yoke of armor, instead of an entire clanking suit of it. This metallic material with a mesh is very smart today even for an entire blouse. It is used a great deal on pockets. The dress is of black crepe de Chine.

It looks as if Louise Boulanger wished to crowd every detail of the styles, past, present, and future, into this one dress, shown here. There is a wrap-round skirt to it. That is everything, however, that could in any degree associate the costume with the past.

The dress is of velvet, and this distinctly marks it of the present season. It is brown, and that puts the seal of every season on it clean through eternity, I fancy. Each year the announcement comes out as a breathless surprise that brown will be the prevailing color this fall. As a matter of fact, many other colors have had a look-in this winter.

The dress further incorporates items to which we have given paragraphs of mention as belonging to this winter's styles. There are the two pieces, consisting of skirt and long middy blouse. This is the feature just riding in on the current fashions, which is the safest for a long time, if not an easy payment, form of investment.

The fashion of the immediate future, as I interpret it, is a two-piece dress. The frock has the high collar we have been urging, from which a jabot falls to the bottom of the middy blouse. Also it has the long, mousquetaire gloves and the little bathing cap of a hat accompanying. And on it all, the costume has the stamp of that particular kind of chic which only Paris can give.

Lelong has contributed this coat of dull blue kasha to the season's styles, and it stands out notably for its long, unbroken line amid the myriads of interpretations of the new silhouette. It is unbelted, among hundreds of coats with ceintures. It is in one piece, whereas the idea of the day is to make even one-piece garments look as if they were in two parts. Yet it is anything but out of fashion.

That line of buttons down the side does a lot to put the stamp of this season upon it. And the rolling collar falling lower on one side than the other is timely. The pocket with the decoration on it that looks like some secret sign is of this winter, too.

The Thanksgiving Turkey En Route

By Ethel M. Somers

OUR Thanksgiving turkey, the *pièce de résistance* of the whole menu, is a pompous bird whose dignity lies entirely at the mercy of the cook and the carver. The expense of the fowl limits the frequency of its service. Repeated practice is impossible. Since education is the logical short cut to experience it behooves the Thanksgiving hostess to study her way to a skillful preparation.

Success in serving the royal bird with dispatch, nicety, and skill is the result of careful methods. Carving, an old art, is too often neglected by the modern host. The cynosure of all eyes, he often becomes embarrassed by his lack of experience and quite frequently spoils the artistry of the whole picture. If you would grace your own Thanksgiving table as carver, thoughtfully study the process as pictured here next week. Your co-operation is needed, Mr. Host, to make the feast a success.

By using two large and one small skewer as described in the text, the turkey may be trussed across the back, as shown. This permits uniform brown across the breast.

Pin feathers may be removed easily with a strawberry huller or with forceps.

The last step in preparing the turkey for roasting is to pin strips of salt pork to the breast, upon the wings, and around the ends of the drumsticks, as shown.

SELECTION. A young fowl may be known by its smooth flesh thickly peppered with pin feathers, light yellow, supple claws, and pliable breastbone. Fowl should be plump but not exceptionally fat at the crop, as this indicates large inner organs which weigh heavily but are of no value as food.

Dressing and Cleaning. Singe by rotating over a flame. Cut off the head and push back the skin, cutting the neck off close to the body. Cut through the skin one inch below the leg joint, place the point of the skewer under the tendons and pull them out one at a time, then break off the leg and foot. Remove all of the pin feathers with the point of a knife or a strawberry huller or forceps. Cut the oil bag from the tail. Make an opening under one leg. Remove the gizzard, heart, intestines, and liver all together, to avoid breaking the gall bladder under the liver. Cut the gall bladder carefully away from the liver. Avoid breaking the bladder. Catch the lungs and kidneys in the fingers and pull them out carefully. Cut off the heart while squeezing it to extract the blood. Cut off the outer coating of the gizzard. This outer part of the gizzard, the heart, and the liver constitute what is commonly known as the giblets. Wash these, put all except the liver on in cold water with a sliced onion, and slowly heat to simmering. Maintain this temperature until tender. Add the liver thirty minutes before removing the giblets from the fire.

All blood clots, portions of the lungs, etc., should be removed, and the fowl thoroughly washed inside and out by letting water from the faucet rush through. Drain well and wipe dry inside.

Stuffing the Fowl

PLAIN—	GIBLET—
1 large loaf bread	1 large loaf bread
½ cup butter, melted	½ cup butter, melted
2 tablespoons mixed herbs	2 tablespoons mixed herbs
1¼ teaspoons salt	1¼ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon white pepper	½ teaspoon white pepper
1 cup stock, or milk	1 cup stock
1 egg, if desired	Ground giblets

CRUMB the bread by scratching it out from the heart of the loaf with a fork, or by breaking it into crumbs with the fingers. When finely crumbed add the dry ingredients. Add the stock, melted butter, and egg, if used. Mix thoroughly. When the body cavities have been lightly stuffed the openings must be closed by sewing with a coarse needle and twine.

Trussing must be carefully done to have the fowl look its best when served. Push the neck down into the breast cavity, drawing the skin of the neck tightly over it and skewering the surplus neck skin fast to the back of the fowl. This prevents drying out in roasting. Insert a skewer through the fowl just underneath the legs (see illustration), then thrust another skewer through the wings and breast. Fasten the ends of the legs together with twine and tie them to the tail, crossing the twine at the center of the back and winding it around the skewer in the wings. This binds the parts which dry out readily to the body. Remove all cords and skewers before serving.

Larding prevents the meat from drying out and makes a caramelized crisp crust. Rub one-third to one-half cup of fat into the skin of the fowl, making a complete coating over the outside. Dredge it with flour. Place in a greased roasting pan, breast side up. Skewer a piece of fat salt pork to the breastbone. Wind the end of each drumstick with a strip of salt pork.

Roasting. If the turkey is cooked in an uncovered roaster, place in a hot oven (450° F.) for thirty minutes and 400° F. for the remainder of the roasting period (allowing twenty minutes per pound). If the fowl should become too brown cover it with a tent of brown paper and continue roasting. Baste with a mixture of one-half cup butter and one-half cup water every fifteen to twenty minutes. Or cook in a covered roaster in a very hot oven (500° F.) for thirty minutes and 400° F. for the remainder of the time. The turkey roasted uncovered is far superior.

Garnishing. Garnish the roasted fowl with a row of baked sour apples stuffed with cranberries, or fringed celery and parsley, buttered onions and parsley, or any desired edible garnish. Serve while piping hot.

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11-14-25

Season's Latest Modes Made *from* Patricia Patterns

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

THESE frocks are of the latest modes; suitable for the morning hours, as well as for afternoon and dinner wear. They are designs that every woman will want for late fall and winter. Silk velvet is the dominant note, and any one of these styles will adapt itself beautifully to this fabric. The repeated introduction of a metallic type of trimming is also worthy of note, and nothing is smarter.

Graceful cascading jabots lengthen the charming afternoon frock of bluish green silk velvet with chiffon in harmonizing shade used for the jabots, as seen in design No. 2545. Brown crepe satin with beige chiffon, navy blue twill with printed silk, or crepe roma with lace used for the jabots is exceedingly smart for its development. Cuts in sizes 36 to 48 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3 yards of 40-inch material, with 1½ yards of 27-inch contrasting.

Simplicity and smartness are combined in style No. 2557. For afternoon or dinner wear, pencil blue velvet, Bordeaux red velvet, brocaded chiffon, and silver metalcloth as trimming or prune colored crepe satin, would be exquisite. For business or classroom wear, broadcloth, tweed, plaid woolens, or twill is chic and practical. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size

By PATRICIA

takes 3 yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 30-inch contrasting.

A party dress for the junior miss that is distinctly youthful in bouffant type, with fitted bodice, is expressed in pattern No. 2314. It is

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

made of bois de rose taffeta with rich embroidery. Bottle green velveteen with colorful silk embroidery would be nice for "best," with navy blue wool rep with worsted embroidery in bright colors for school or play. Cuts in sizes 6 to 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

An adorable style with circular skirt and long tailored sleeves is shown in pattern No. 2565. Burgundy velvet with metal trimming or black crepe satin with Persian embroidery would be stunning for afternoon. Tweed, twill, kasha, wool rep, flat crepe, or homespun would be practical for everyday wear. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

A style that the most discriminating woman may wear any hour of the day is shown in pattern No. 2547. It is a straight one-piece dress with the new center front closing, and with fullness achieved by the use of inverted side plaits. For business or school, diagonal cheviot, worsted jersey, or suede cashmere is chic. For more dressy occasions choose satin crepe, velveteen, moire, ribbed satin, or velour. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Saves Eight Lives *in* Fire;

HIS foot caught in a crotch of the limb, leaving him suspended in the air. By swinging his body toward the building he could reach his daughter. Grasping her by the hand, he pulled her from the window.

U. S. Army Sergeant, with Clothes Afire, Swings in Tree to Drag Daughter from Window of Burning Structure After Seven Others Have Been Succored

By DAVID C. KURNER

Staff Investigator for Liberty—Written from the Testimony of Eyewitnesses

Picture by
NORMAN T. MINGO

Sergt. Patrick Ahearn at the Executive Mansion, Jackson, Mississippi, wearing the Liberty hero medal which was pinned on him by Gov. Henry Whitfield.

FIFTEEN minutes after the first wisp of smoke curled away from the hidden tongues of flame, it was all over. A few glowing embers cast a flickering light on the twisted remains of beds and pipes and charred timbers that so shortly before had been a barracks building. On the ground near by eight persons stood or lay, brushing the last vestige of fire from their smoking clothing while awaiting aid for their burned and bruised bodies.

Sergt. Patrick Ahearn untangled himself from the burning cedar tree near the ruins of the building and surveyed the wreckage.

He couldn't quite comprehend just how it happened. It had been so sudden—the awakening to the smell of smoke, the dash down the stairway to give warning to those below, the jump from the second floor window when escape had been cut off elsewhere, and his reentering the building by way of the tree to rescue his daughter, Evelyn, from certain death.

It had all been accomplished in such rapid sequence that he didn't feel his burned face and hands or notice the blackened remnants of clothing clinging to his person. But for his unhesitating courage in facing a fearsome death by incineration, eight persons might have perished.

Later, at the Executive Mansion in Jackson, Mississippi, Sergeant Ahearn heard Gov. Henry Whitfield pronounce his exploit one of the most distinguished acts of heroism in the history of the State. The State's chief executive presented him with Liberty's gold medal and check for $1,000 which are given each week for bravery.

. . . . . .

On the evening of September 6, this year, Sergeant Ahearn emerged from B Company's barracks and made his final inspection of the campus for the day. It was vacation time at

Wins $1,000 *for* Bravery

Liberty's Weekly Award Goes to Military Instructor Who Faced Death in Rescues from Flaming Barracks

the Gulf Coast Military Academy and the buildings bordering the quadrangle seemed singularly quiet. In two weeks students from many countries would arrive and he'd resume his duties as instructor in military tactics.

Noting only an increasing southeast wind that whipped the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, visible through the massive oaks, into white-capped, choppy waves, he re-entered the barracks.

On the first floor of the long, two-story wooden building were housed temporarily six students from Honduras, who had remained at the school during the vacation period.

Among them was Tasto Arnulfo, eighteen-year-old son of the Secretary of War and former president of the Latin republic, who had been voted a scholarship at the military school for his services in two revolutions. All the students were asleep.

Mounting the stairs Ahearn went to the rooms at one end of the barracks occupied for the summer by his family. In an adjoining room his guest, Edward Yates, had retired.

How the fire started has not been determined. But it had been a dry summer, and the heat-laden winds from the Louisiana lowlands to the west prepared the pine barracks building for the first igniting spark. The flames sped through the tinderlike structure with startling rapidity.

Sergeant Ahearn awoke suddenly at two o'clock in the morning. A thick black cloud of smoke rolled up the only stairway, in the center of the building. His first thoughts were for the students below.

To jump from the window meant possible injury in the drop of twenty-five feet to the ground. Disregarding his own safety, he ran down the stairway which, luckily, had not yet been reached by the flames. Once below, he found the bed clothing of the students afire, but none of them awake. He pulled the burning mosquito netting and sheets from the beds and sent the students scurrying out of the building in their pajamas.

His next thoughts were for his visitor and his family. Active service in three wars during his twenty-five years in the army had left him well qualified for handling situations requiring prompt co-ordination of thought and action.

Bounding up the now burning stairway, he awakened his wife and daughter and his guest. One end of the building had collapsed and the end in which they were trapped swayed uncertainly, threatening to engulf them in burning timbers. All escape except by jumping was cut off.

Marshaling his little scantily clad band at a window in the end of the building, he found that the flames had already inflicted severe burns.

Leaping to the ground, he called to his wife to drop Evelyn down to him. But, panic-stricken with fear of flame and injury, the girl struggled free and ran into a room, closing the door. Mrs. Ahearn, the first to jump, landed safely in a bush. Yates was not so fortunate. He fell on the hard ground, fracturing both ankles.

THE sergeant next turned his attention to the plight of the daughter locked in the second floor room and alone within the swaying, crumpling walls.

No ladder or other means of reaching the upper story was available. He saw the tree with the limb projecting toward the window of the room in which he judged his child had taken refuge.

About to attempt the ascent, he was halted by an agonizing cry from Yates, who lay exposed to the flames. Running back, he dragged the injured man safely away and then returned to the tree.

In spite of his fifty-three years, he climbed the tree and moved along the limb. With a strength he was afterwards unable to account for, he wrenched from their fastenings the window sash and screen. Leaping into the building he found the girl semi-conscious on the floor.

How to get her out of the building was a problem. To drop her to the ground meant certain injury, if not death.

Carrying the limp burden to the window, he jumped to the limb of the now burning tree—and slipped! His foot caught in a crotch of the limb, leaving him suspended, head down, in the air. By swinging his body toward the building he could reach his daughter. Grasping her by the hand, he pulled her from the window.

Nature put strength in that limb to bear the combined weight of rescuer and rescued. On the backswing of this human pendulum he dropped the girl into the arms of her mother. Raising himself he extricated his foot from his impromptu trapeze and made his way to the ground.

Mrs. Ahearn was confined three weeks with burns and injuries. Sergeant Ahearn and the others were given first aid treatment,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

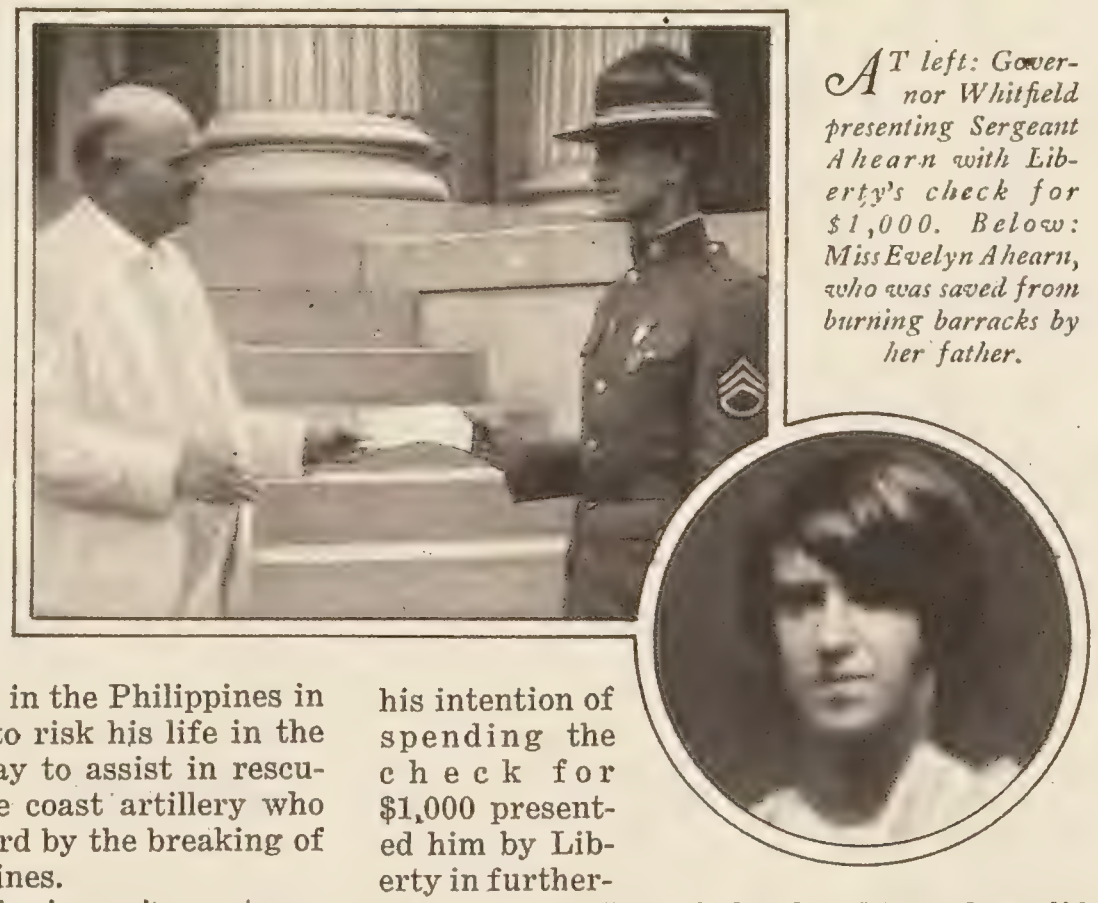
when help from Gulfport reached the scene.

President William T. Lowery, of the academy, in speaking of the spectacular and dangerous rescue, said that a movement has been started with the object of securing for Ahearn the coveted Distinguished Service Cross awarded by the Army for conspicuous gallantry in the service and for heroic deeds in civil life such as the one of which we write.

. . . . . .

Once before Sergeant Ahearn had occasion to exhibit his qualities of bravery. While stationed in the Philippines in 1911 he did not hesitate to risk his life in the deep waters of Manila Bay to assist in rescuing three members of the coast artillery who had been knocked overboard by the breaking of a cable used in laying mines.

This week's hero award winner is a veteran of the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, and the World War. He also saw service on the Mexican border. He was born in Tipperary and came to the United States when fifteen years of age. He has announced his intention of spending the check for $1,000 presented him by Liberty in furthering the education of the daughter whose life he saved.



AT left: Governor Whitfield presenting Sergeant Ahearn with Liberty's check for $1,000. Below: Miss Evelyn Ahearn, who was saved from burning barracks by her father.

The $100 given each week to the person informing Liberty of the heroic deed which is awarded the gold medal goes to George H. Tichenor, Jr., a student of Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana. Mr. Tichenor's "tip" was found to be the most accurate and complete of any covering Sergeant Ahearn's deed.

THE END

Next Week

ANOTHER $1,000 HERO

Who Will It Be?

Conditions of Bravery Award

LIBERTY is paying a reward of $1,000 in cash each week for the greatest deed of heroism which comes to its attention. In addition, a gold medal inscribed "For Bravery" is being presented to each winner.

As previously announced, the offer is open to every man, woman, boy, or girl who lives in the United States or Canada, and the deed for which the money is given may have been performed anywhere in the world.

If you know of someone who has performed an act of bravery, and would like to see him or her properly rewarded, write a letter to Liberty about it. Give names, dates, places—all the details as far as you know them.

To the person who informs Liberty of the winning deed each week an award of $100 will be paid. If more than one person writes about the same deed, the $100 will be paid to the one who sends the best letter. Liberty will send its representatives anywhere to check up on details and supply any data that may be missing.

Names of winners will be published every week, together with stories of the winning incidents.

All letters should be addressed "HEROES," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois. Write a letter every day, or every week, if you like. Then watch Liberty for the names of winners.

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A PAGE of MOVIE REVIEWS

By Richard Halliday

Lowell Sherman and Frances Raymond in *Satan in Sables.*

Love in Samoa. Scene from *Moana of the South Seas,* acted by natives of the Samoan Islands.

Ramon Novarro and Harriet Hammond in *The Midshipman.*

SATAN IN SABLES

Directed by James Flood *Warner Bros. Picture*

THE CAST:

Michael Lyev Yervedoff	*Lowell Sherman*
Paul Yervedoff	*John Harron*
Colette Breton	*Pauline Garon*
Dolores Sierre	*Gertrude Astor*
Victor	*Frank Butler*
Emile	*Francis J. MacDonald*
Sophia, ex-Grand Duchess	*Frances Raymond*
Sergius	*Otto Hoffman*
Billee	*Richard Botsford*
Student	*Richard Barry*
Student	*Don Alvarado*

LOWELL SHERMAN is back in pictures. Does the news excite you?

He comes as a Russian with a title—there are, seemingly, more of them this season than ever. He's a bit of a villain; but he reforms—somehow it is not convincing to see Lowell Sherman reform—and becomes a hero. Of course the inevitable happens and the hero does get the fair young thing in the end; but he has to take an awful jolt before he mends his ways.

His younger brother, it seems, is the only person he really loves. He tries to keep him away from all temptation, but not so successfully. Mr. Sherman has just told a sinister lady that he didn't want to see her any more. Thus begins the Sherman reformation. She seeks revenge. (It's a wonder the title writer didn't use that phrase. He used many others just as original.)

She meets the younger brother, disillusions him, and in an automobile chase he is killed. Ah, it is sad—very, very sad!

It seems quite the style this year to show the actors' feet. I would like to say that in the next film I wish they would cut out many feet of film if it is like this one.

And, by the way, do not get excited about the title: *Satan in Sables.* Mr. Sherman never wears a single piece of sable—not an inch—and I suppose he is the Satan. So it is just another picture diabolically titled, inasmuch as the movie producers say that is the way to hook the public. But I'm afraid this dear public is one day going to wake up and ask: Why the title? And then what are the producers going to say?

MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Directed by Robert Flaherty *Paramount Picture*

IT IS such a picture as this that I take keen delight in recommending to you as one of the highest types of film entertainment.

But don't go to see it with the idea that there is some wild kind of dancing, and that, in the midst of a love scene between the white man and the native girl, the hero's old sweetheart from the "States" enters and pleads with him to return. There is certainly nothing like that. Instead, you see bits of these people's life—just enough to make you eager to know more about them and envious of those who had an opportunity to live on the island.

As you have noticed there is no cast. Mr. Robert Flaherty, who also made Nanook of the North, used seven natives of Samoa. It would be a wise move for many of our actors to see these natives before the camera. And also for many of our well-known directors to watch Mr. Flaherty's direction, for it is as though a camera had been hidden among the tall grasses and was fortunate enough to catch these people unawares.

There is, perhaps, one scene that you will not enjoy. It shows Moana lying on his stomach while an old workman tattoos his body: the final word in Samoa that he has reached manhood.

Again let me impress on you the fact that this is an unusual picture, and I shall go so far as to say the most intensely engrossing one I have ever seen. It is the nearest approach that has been made in the moving picture industry to something which can be compared to a poem. It is the type of film the producers are skeptical about. They are afraid it won't appeal to you. So let's fool them and prove to them that we do appreciate their efforts—even more than a hodge-podge of hokum and made-up ladies. What do you say?

THE MIDSHIPMAN

Directed by C. Cabanne *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

THE CAST:

Dick	*Ramon Novarro*
Patricia	*Harriet Hammond*
Rita	*Kathleen Key*
Mother	*Margaret Seddon*
Basil Courtney	*Crawford Kent*
Aunt	*Pauline Neff*
Spud	*William Boyd*
Ted	*Wesley Barry*
Texas	*Harold Goodwin*
Smithy	*Gene Cameron*
Fat	*Maurice Ryan*

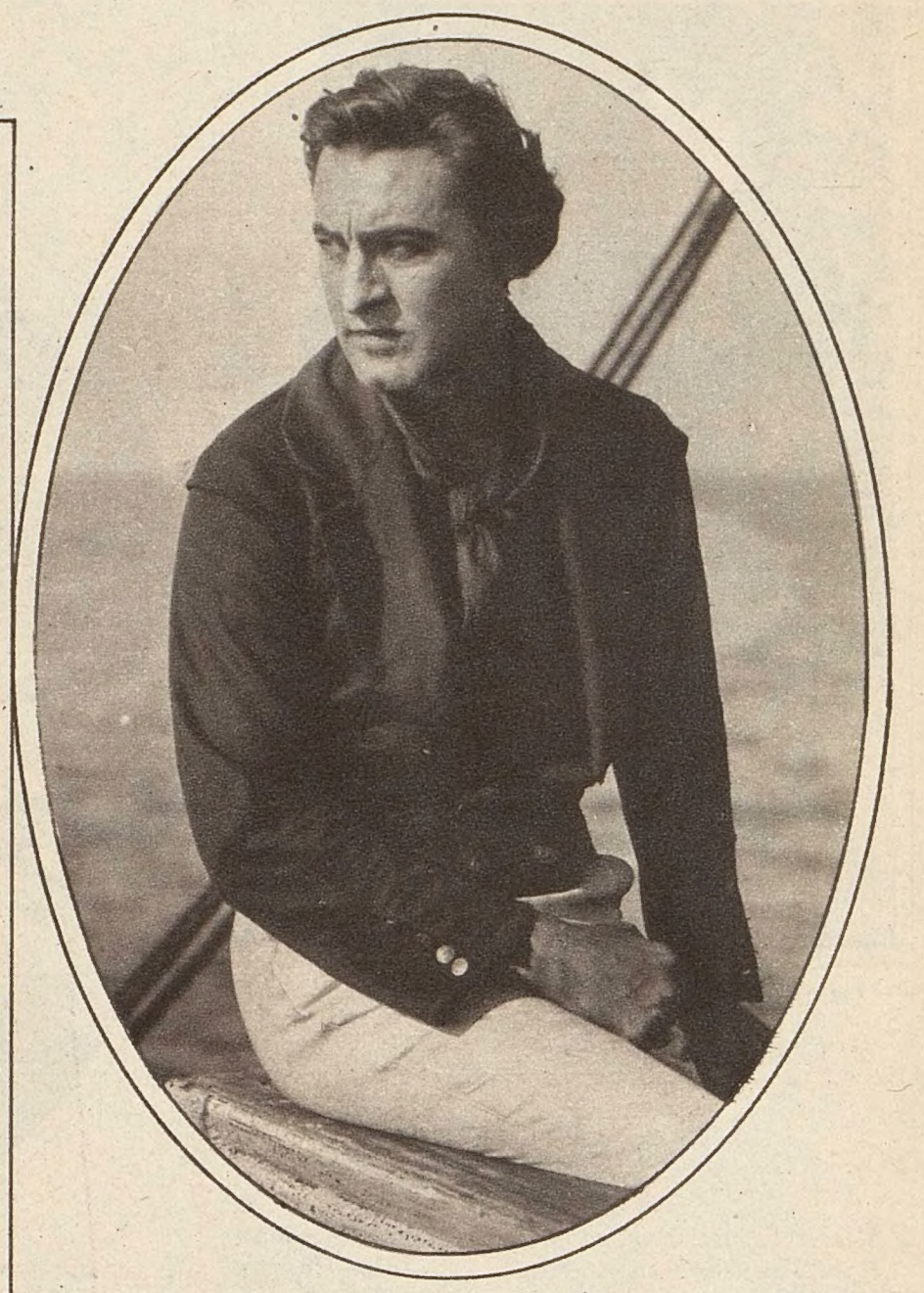
THE MIDSHIPMAN, starring Ramon Novarro, which received so much front-page publicity throughout the country, has finally been released. If you remember, President Coolidge refused to hand out an Annapolis diploma to Mr. Novarro. I don't see what all the fuss was about, as it takes about two seconds for this scene. But I'm sure the wrangle more than achieved its purpose, considering the publicity.

Before saying anything more about the picture I think we should take into consideration the circumstances under which it was made—not that these circumstances excuse the production. Mr. Novarro has been working for some time in Ben Hur—a part coveted by many. While getting ready to retake some of the Ben Hur scenes the producers decided to make *The Midshipman.*

It is a propaganda picture—doing for the navy what Richard Barthelmess did for the army in his picture, Classmates. The result is practically the same. In Classmates Mr. Barthelmess did his first comedy work, and it met with adverse criticism. Mr. Novarro's comedy is hurried. It is not clean cut. However, this does not mean that he is not a comedian, for, as in Mr. Barthelmess' case, he has since shown himself a particularly apt comedian.

If this is a propaganda picture I'd like to ask the navy if the men really talk as the title writer has them talking—if they really pose about the campus—and if they do what we see them doing in this picture. If so, how can we ever expect a Perry or John Paul Jones in this century? The title writer says that's what they're going to be! Here's hoping!

Glimpses of Coming Productions

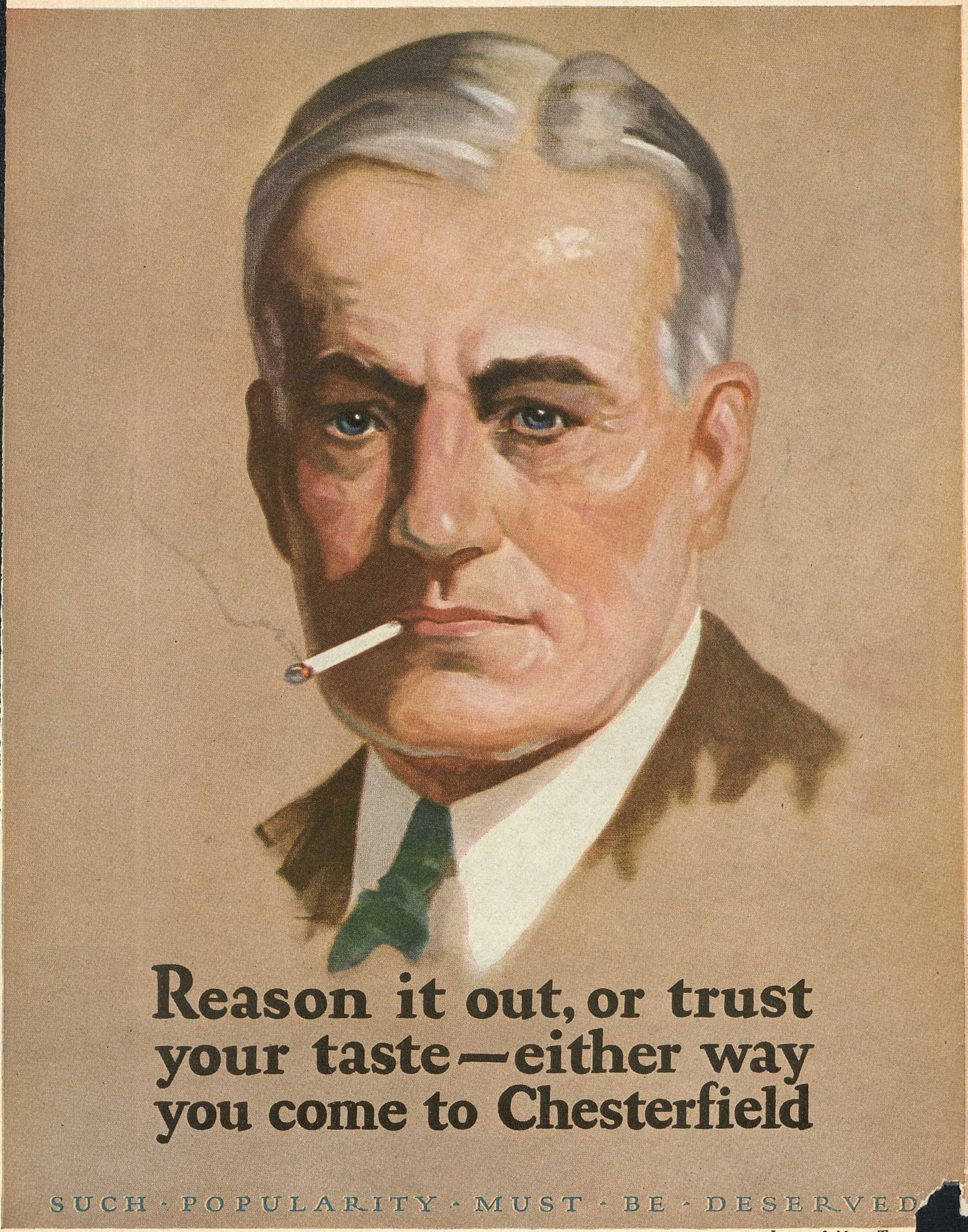


AFTER showing England America's popular Hamlet, John Barrymore has returned and has been busy on the Warner lot.

DOROTHY GISH as a delicate shrew licks her timid husband (Leon Errol). The picture is Clothes Make the Pirate, by First National. If names make the picture there is hope for this picture. Nita Naldi, Tully Marshall, Edna Murphy, and George Marion are also in the cast.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S next picture will be The Lone Eagle. It will be more on the type of film that made him what he is today, if you get what we mean.

THIS is just one of the thousands of pictures taken of Ramon Novarro as Ben-Hur, the most recent celluloid competitor for the subtitle "The Costliest Motion Picture Ever Produced."



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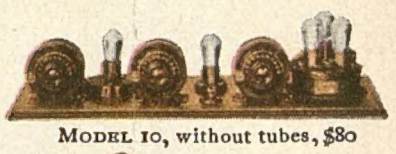

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